



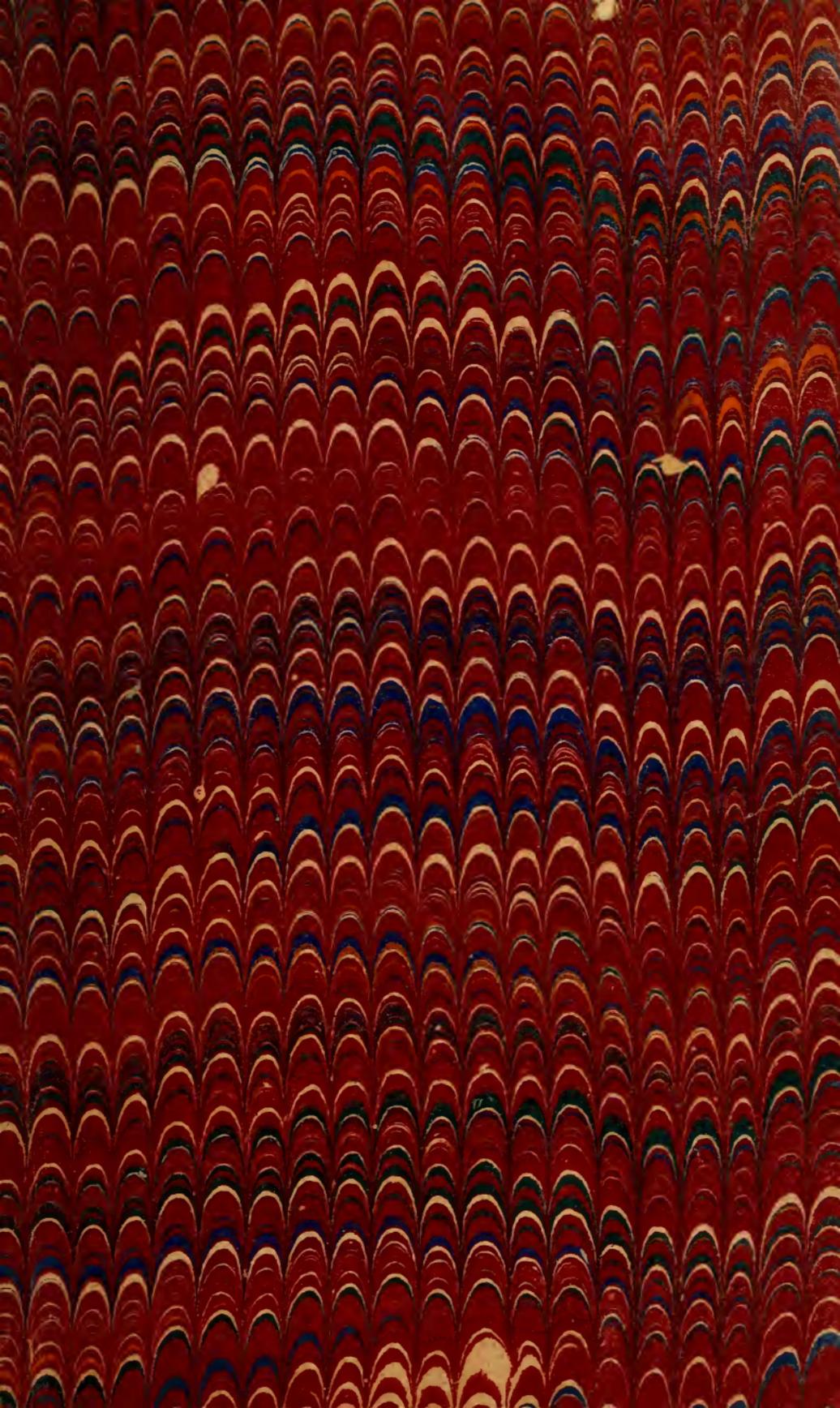
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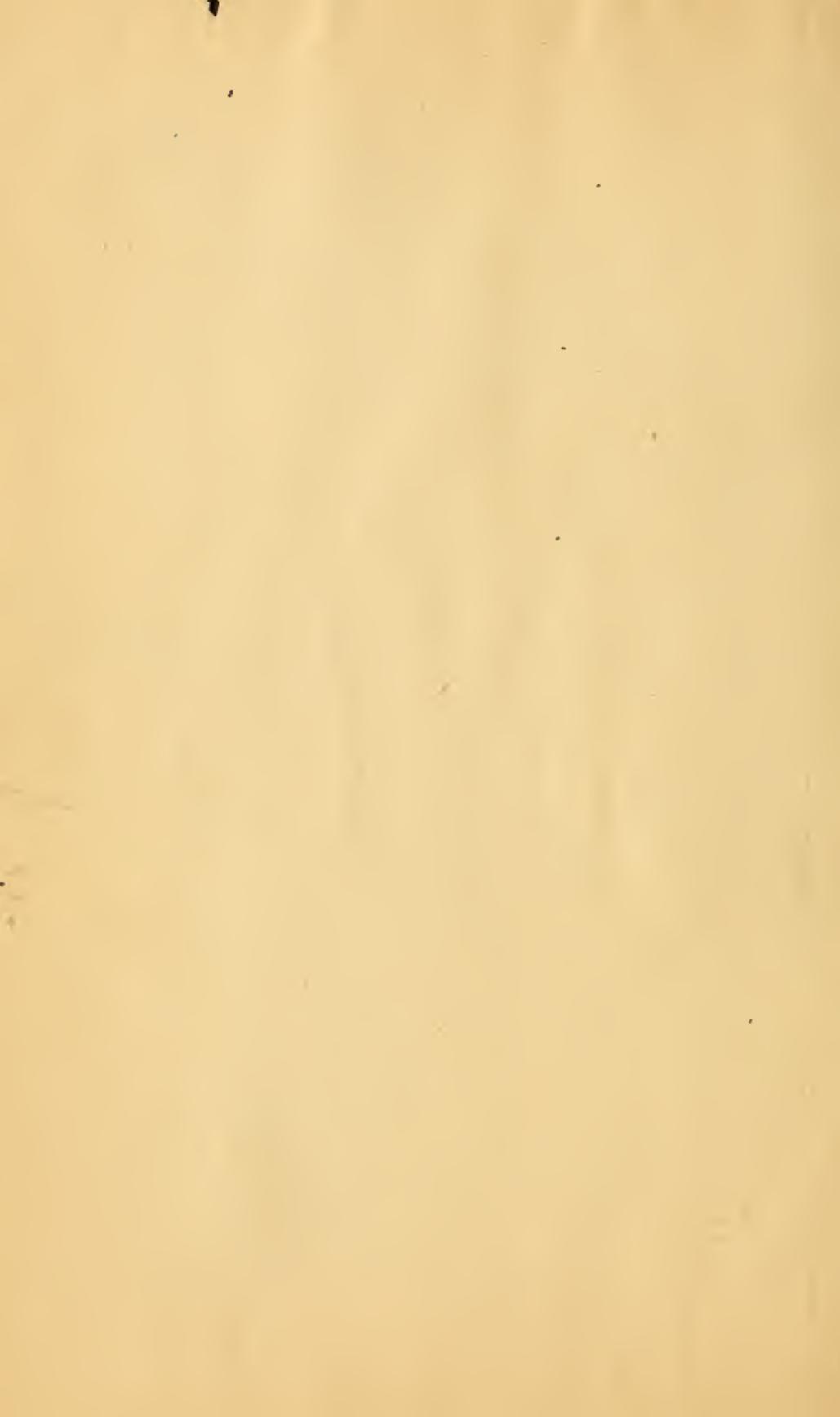
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





26
P O E M S.

BY

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.



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TO

Lucia D'Wolf Brownell,

The friend to whose example and society anything good in these writings should be mainly attributed, and whose indulgence is solicited for whatever may be otherwise, this book is most respectfully inscribed by her affectionate son,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

MANY of these poems were written in early youth. With a single exception, (The Famine) none of them were originally intended for publication—and some apology is due to the learned and intelligent, for the addition of what may to them be superfluous notes and illustrations.

H. H. B.

ERRATA.

Page 32, line 16, for "If," read "In."

" 53, line 12, 4th and 5th words transposed.

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INVOCATION.

GIVE up thy Dead, O Sea of Time!
Thy long-forgotten Dead!
The noble thoughts—the hopes sublime—
The dreams of glory fled.

Give back each high and holy Truth,
Once all on earth above—
Give back the beaming eye of Youth,
And the sweet lips of Love.

The tears, that once in sorrow stole
As soft as summer rain—
The smiles, whose sunshine o'er the soul
Shall never come again.

Oh God! what long-lost treasures
Could that abyss resign!
Pure thoughts, and innocent pleasures,
And gentle hopes are thine.

How, as they faded, one by one,
Like withered leaves that fall,
The quicksands of oblivion
Closed slowly o'er them all!

And thou hast much of mine—yet oh!
What is that little store,
Loved—lost—and once lamented so,
To all thou hadst before?
To all the mighty wrecks of old,
O'er which thy dull, dark waves have rolled?

And wilt thou not, Insatiate Power !
 Enriched with trophies vast,
Withhold thy claim one little hour,
 Since all is thine at last ?

All—all of nobleness and worth,
 That mortal mould can vaunt—
All the fond witchery of earth
 Can offer to enchant.

What vanished Ones of ancient might,
 Thy mightier arms entwine !
What Forms of loveliness and light
 Are now forever thine !

The charnel earth—the wandering air—
 The wave—the restless fire—
Each element hath claimed its share
 Of all that could expire.
Yet what are all their spoils to thee
And thine, oh dark and sullen sea !

Thou sleepest—yet what storms have swept
 Across that waveless flood!
What centuries on centuries leapt
 In surges dyed with blood!

A thousand victims lie concealed
 Amid thy sunless caves—
A thousand wonders unrevealed
 Have perished in thy waves.

And there the deep Historian's line
 Hath many an age been cast—
In vain—to sound a depth like thine,
 Unfathomable Past!

A flood, whose tide forever goes
 O'er hill, and mound, and plain—
All slow and sullenly it flows,
 But never ebbs again.

Oh, silent, ever wandering stream !
 Borne onward thus by thee,
Like some lone mariner I seem
 Upon a shoreless sea.

And floating o'er thy gulf illumed
 By dim tradition's ray,
On scenes—on ages long entombed
 Look down a little way.

Like one who sails Italian seas,
 When setting suns reveal
Old towers, and buried palaces,
 Far underneath his keel.

There lie the glorious gems of old,
 Lost in thy waters wide,
Whose gleam we faintly yet behold
 Far down amid thy tide.

And darker, deeper yet below,
Methinks, all dimly seen,
A thousand fearful Shapes of Woe
And Horror couch between.

The Deeds, whose memory wakens
Stern thoughts of Nemesis ;
And Crimes, that lurk like krakens
Within thy dark abyss.

'Tis like that scene with terrors rife,
When earth and ocean held
The first chaotic throes of life—
The hideous forms of Eld.

The monsters of old time, whose bones
Yet whiten o'er the plain—
The brood, whose giant skeletons
Are all that now remain—

Behemoth and Leviathan,
That roved this world of old—
Such are the Thoughts and Deeds of Man,
Which thy dark realms enfold.

Oh! when the word is spoken
That Time shall be no more—
When the last wave hath broken
On thine eternal shore—

When, fleeting as a vapor,
The heavens shall pass away,
And like a dying taper
The worn-out sun decay—

When the moon shall fade in her place on high,
And all the Starry Host
Like sparks shall fly through a stormy sky—
And the Earth give up the ghost!

Amid that Universal Death

Shalt thou, poor soul, survive ?

When worlds have yielded up their breath,

Canst thou remain alive ?

Thou canst—thou shalt—though stars are dim—

Though suns have quenched their fire—

The immortal flame once lit by Him

Shall never more expire.

And these dark waters, tempest tost,

Shall yield their treasures then,

And all which thou hast loved and lost

Shall be restored again.

THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

AN old cathedral, with its columned aisle,
And shrines, and pictured saints.

The sun yet lingered

On Cuzco's mountains, and the fragrant breath
Of unknown tropic flowers came o'er my path,
Wafted—how pleasantly! for I had been
Long on the seas, and their salt waveless glare
Had made green fields a longing. At the port
I left our bark, with her tired mariners;
And wandered on, amid gay-colored dwellings,
Through the great square, and through the narrow streets,
Till this old fane, inviting, stayed my steps.

While all alone, in the religious silence
And pensive spirit of the place, I stood

By the High Altar—near it, on the wall,
A tablet of plain marble met my view,
Modestly wrought—whereon an Effigy,
And a few simple words in a strange tongue,
Telling “Here lies Columbus.”

And that niche—

That narrow space held all now left of Him,
For whom the Ancient World was once too little!

But where were they—the fetters that had bound
Those patient, manly limbs? the gift of Spain
To him who gave a world? (in the king’s name
'Twas written thus*)—he kept them to the last,
And charged they should lie with him in the grave.

No loftier tomb? methought he should have lain
Enshrined in some vast pile—some gorgeous dome—
Reared by Castile to him who made her name
Great in the nations. But he needs them not.

* “Por Castilla y por Leon
Nuevo mundo hallo Colon.”

And haply, it is meeter thus for him
 To rest surrounded by his own high Deeds—
 Like the great builder laid beneath the Temple
 He reared.* “If thou wouldst view his monument,
 Look round thee.”

No severe majestic column—
 No mountain-piled, eternal pyramid—
 Such as a World might raise to its Discoverer,
 Marks his repose.

But the keel-crowded port,
 And the green island, and the waving palms,
 And the deep murmur of a peopled city,
 And the great ocean whitened with new sails,
 And the wide continent stretching beyond—
 All, in a voice more eloquent than words—
 Inscriptions—told of him that lived and died.

And mine own being—

Haply, but for thee,

* Ch. Wren in St. Paul's.

. . . . “si monumentum queris,
 Circumspice.”

(If, in the tangled chain of crossed events
We shudder now to dwell upon, this soul
Had 'scaped the fatal blank of non-existence,)
Even now, I might have slaved in some old sea-port,
Bowed to the oar—or delved in Hunnish mines,
A serf—or toiled a reaper in the fields
Of “merry England”—none too merry now!

How quiet and how peaceful seemed his rest
From his long labors!—all was calm repose.
Within, such holy stillness—but, alas!
Without, (sole stain on that great honored Name,)
A dismal sound of fetters! the chain-gang
Passing just then, with its accursed clank.

Long by that simple tomb I lingered—long
Gazed with an awe more reverent than the pile
Heaped over King or Kaiser, could inspire.

On those calm, resolute features, ye might read,
As in a book, his strange, eventful story.

There was the Faith ; the long-enduring Hope,
 More than Ulyssean ; the Courage high—
 That fought the Infidel—and with stout heart,
 Clung to the shattered oar, which bore a greater
 Than Cæsar and his fortunes—and when all
 Cried out “ we sail to Death ! ” held firmly on
 Through storm and sunshine.

In those furrowed lines,
 As on some faithful chart, might still be traced
 The weary voyaging of many years :
 That restless spirit pent in narrow limits,
 Yet ever looking with unquiet eye,
 Beyond old land-marks—with unwearied soul,
 Still searching, prying into the Unknown,
 And hoarding richer sea-lore—till at last,
 Possessed and haunted of one grand Belief—
 One mighty Thought no wretchedness could lay.

The weary interval—eighteen long years,
 Wandering from court to court—his Wondrous Tale
 Lost in half-heeding, dull, incredulous ears.
 The patient toil—the honorable want,

Endured so nobly—in his threadbare coat,
Mocked by the rabble—the half-uttered jeer—
And the pert finger tapping on the head.
May Heaven accord us patience ! as to him.

And now, a way-worn traveller, where, Rabida !
Thy lonely convent overlooks the sea,
(Soon to be furrowed by ten thousand keels)
He waits, preferring no immodest suit—
A little bread and water for his boy,
O'ertasked with travel ? then the welcome in,
And the good friar—saints receive his soul !

And now (the audience gained) at Salamanca,
Before them all, a simple mariner,
He stands, unawed by the solemnity
Of gowns and caps—with courteous, grave demeanor,
And in plain words, unfolds his noble purpose.

Embarked, and on the seas—at last ! at last !
The toil of a long life—a Deathless Name—
The undetermined fates of all to come—

Staked on his prow—it is no little thing
Will turn aside that soul, long resolute
(Though every heart grow faint, and every tongue
Murmur in mutiny) to hold its course,
Onward, still onward, through the pathless void,
The lone untravelled wilderness of waves—
Onward! still onward! we shall find it yet!

And next, (O sad and shameful sight!) exposed
On the high deck of a returning bark,
(Returning from that land so lately found!)
A spectacle! those aged, honored limbs,
Gyved like a felon's, while the hooting crowd
Sent curses in her wake.

But when arrived,
Again exalted, favored of the crown,
And courted by the noblest—who forgets,
With his gray hairs uncovered, how he knelt
Before his royal mistress, (that great heart,
Nor insult, nor disgrace, nor chains could move,
O'ercome with kindness,) weeping like a child?

Lastly, his most resigned and Christian end ;
When, now aware of the last hour approaching,
He laid the world, so long pursued, aside ;
Forgave his foes, and setting decently
His house in order, with his latest breath
Commended that great soul to Him who gave it ;
Who seldom hath received or given a greater.

Thus loitering in the many-peopled Past,
And haunted by old thoughts, the twilight shadows
O'ertook me, still beside the sepulchre
Reclined in pleasant gloom, and loth to leave.

Anon a train of dark-stoled priests swept in,
And chaunted forth old hymns.

Was it profane

To deem their holy strain a requiem
O'er him, whose mighty ashes lay enshrined
So near his Maker ? but for whom, perchance,
The sound of anthem and of chaunt sublime,
And old Te Deum's solemn majesty,
Had never echoed in the Western World.

Along each vaulted aisle the sacred tones
Floated, and swelled, and sank, and died away.
So all departed—and among the rest,
That spell upon my soul yet lingering,
I went my way—and passing to our ship,
Culled a few flowers, yet springing on the spot,
Where, wearied with long travail o'er the deep,
He landed (so they tell), and said the mass,
Beneath a tall and goodly Ceiba-tree.
But that is gone,—and all will soon be gone.

THE SPHYNX.*

“Σφίγγα μυθολογοῦσι, θηρίον δίμορφον παραγενομένην εἰς τὰς Θήβας, αἶνιγμα προτιθέναι τῷ δυναμένῳ λῦσαι, καὶ πολλοὺς ὑπ’ αὐτῆς εἰ ἀπορίαν ἀναιρεῖσθαι. Ἀπορουμένων δὲ τῶν ἄλλων, ὁ Οἰδίπους ἀπεφήματο”—
Diodorus, IV. 64.

THEY glare—those stony eyes!
That in the fierce sun-rays
Showered from these burning skies,
Through untold centuries
Have kept their sleepless and unwinking gaze.

Since what unnumbered year
Hast thou kept watch and ward—

* Suggested by a drawing of Flaxman.

“And near the pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Come-ly the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world”—ΕΘΤΗΝ.

And o'er the buried land of Fear,
 So grimly held thy guard ?
No faithless slumber snatching—
 No rest that mortals crave—
Like some fierce hound long watching
 Above her master's grave.

No fabled Shape art thou !
 On that thought-freighted brow,
And in those smooth weird lineaments we find,
 Though traced all darkly, even now,
 The relics of a Mind :
And gather dimly thence
 A vague, half-human sense—
The strange and sad Intelligence,
 That sorrow leaves behind.

Dost thou in anguish thus
 Still brood o'er Œdipus ?
And weave enigmas to mislead anew,
 And stultify the blind,
 Dull heads of human-kind,

And inly make thy moan
That 'mid the hated crew,
Whom thou so long couldst vex,
Bewilder and perplex—
Thou yet couldst find a subtler than thine own!

Even now, methinks that those
Dark, heavy lips that close
In fixed and stern repose,
Seem burdened with some Thought unsaid,
And hoard within their portals dread,
Some fearful Secret there—
Which to the listening earth
She may not whisper forth—
Not even to the air!

Of awful wonders hid
If yon dread pyramid
Beset with magic Fears—
Of chambers vast and lonely,
Watched by the Genii only
Who tend their Masters' long-forgotten biers,

And treasures that have shone
On cavern-walls alone,
For thousand, thousand years.

Those sullen orbs wouldst thou eclipse,
And ope those massy, tomb-like lips—
Many a riddle thou couldst solve,
Which all blindly we revolve.

Would She but tell! She knows
Of the old Pharaohs;
Could count the Ptolemies' long line—
Sesostris' king-drawn car perchance hath seen,
And Forms more lovely than the Paphian Queen
Just rising from the brine.
The Ancient Ones have hailed her—He that stands
In gloom, unworshipped, 'neath his rock-hewn fane,
And They, who sitting on Memnonian sands,
Cast their long shadows o'er the desert plain.

She hath viewed Cheops pass,
And Ozymandias

Deep-versed in many a dark Egyptian wile—
The Hebrew Boy hath eyed
With Potiphar's frail bride ;
And that Medusan stare hath chilled the smile
Of Her all love and guile,
For whom the Cæsar sighed,
And the World-Loser died—
The Darling of the Nile.

“EVEN THIS WILL PASS AWAY.” *

YES, all will pass away—
This sad and weary day,
That lingers on my path, so dull and cold,
Will find its home at last
In the returnless Past,
And join its unregretted mates of old :

And on some other morn
A brighter Babe be born—
Haply, more gentle in its task than ye,
Children of aged Time,
All withered in your prime,
Dark Hours, who long have borne me company !

* There is a story somewhere, of an Eastern King who asked of Solomon some spell which might protect him alike from elation in prosperity, and dejection in adversity. The wise monarch gave him this little apothegm.

Hath it not erst been said,
(As I, methinks, have read
In some old chronicle, with moral fraught,)
How one, in days gone by,
Mid torments doomed to die—
Consoled him with the stern, yet trusty thought,

That, when of one long sun
The bitter sands had run,
Sorrow and joy would be alike to him—
Each nerve, so quick with pain,
Could never thrill again—
Nor one pang more convulse each wretched limb ?

We know not what there is,
Perchance akin to this,
Which nerves us to endure the Life we bear—
Borne, like the PILGRIM'S load,
O'er many a weary road—
Through many a path of sorrow, sin, and care.

And oh! like him could I,
These wanderings all past by,
Lay down the weight wherewith our footsteps err—
How little recked by me
Its resting-place would be,
Though t'were, like his, a wayside sepulchre.*

*“So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the sepulchre at the foot of the hill, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.”—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

NIAGARA.

HAS aught like this descended, since the fountains
Of the Great Deep broke up, in cataracts hurled,
And climbing lofty hills, eternal mountains,
Poured wave on wave above a buried world ?

Yon tides are raging, as when storms have striven,
And the vexed seas awaking from their sleep,
Are rough with foam, and Neptune's flocks are driven
In myriads o'er the green and azure deep.

Ere yet they fall, mark (where that mighty current
Comes like an army from its mountain home,)
How fiercely yon wild steeds amid the torrent,
With their dark flanks, and manes and crests of foam,

Speed to their doom—yet in the awful centre,
Where the wild waves rush madliest to the steep,
Just ere that white unfathomed gulf they enter,
Rear back in horror from the headlong leap.*

Then maddening, plunge—a thousand more succeeding
Sweep onward, troop on troop, again to urge
The same fierce flight, as rapid and unheeding—
Again to pause in terror on the verge.

And near the brink, amid that ceaseless roar,
An emerald islet gleams above the surf;
No bark hath landed on its sunny shore—
No human foot hath ever pressed its turf—

Like that sweet spot we seem so oft discerning,
That haunts the voyager through Life's desert plain,

* Any one acquainted with the Falls, can hardly have failed to observe, that in the midst of the Great Cataract, from a peculiar formation of the rock, the stream appears to raise itself and recoil at the brink, as if shrinking from the untried and perilous descent into the chasm below.

To which our souls are ever fondly turning,
Forever near us—and forever vain.

What tongue hath told—what page hath kept thy history,
Dark flood that hurriest Ocean's tide to meet!
What eye hath dared to penetrate the mystery
That shrouds thine inaccessible retreat?

To chronicle thine age, the toil severe,
The boasted scrutinies of Science fail—
Conjecture's busy tongue is silent here—
And Old Tradition hath forgot the tale.

Perchance upon this wondrous ledge* (benighted
And wandering eastward through the forest brown,)
Behemoth paused—and straight drew back affrighted,
Lest his vast weight should crush the rampart down.

There still it stands, as in his day, save where
Yon fallen fragment lies in wrecks below;

* The Table Rock.

That monotone sublime yet fills the air,
And still these waters roll in endless flow.

Oft to an eye half closed, as if in solving
Some mighty, mystic problem—half it seems
Like some vast crystal wheel, ever revolving,
Whose motion, earth's—whose axle, earth's extremes.

We gaze and gaze, half lost in dreamy pleasure,
On all that slow majestic wave reveals,
While Fancy idly, vainly strives to measure
How vast the cavern which its veil conceals.

The Sea-Kings never revelled in a Hall
More gorgeous—more magnificent than this :
Earth holds the deep foundations of thy wall,
And falling oceans curtain thine abyss.

Beneath its vaulted roof and architrave,
The spirit of each Element might reign
Enthroned—or wandering through the sullen cave,
Roam o'er thy drear and Chaos-like domain.

The Sea-nymphs there might make their loneliest dwelling,

Or the fierce brethren of the troubled Air,

Whose blasts around thy vestibule are swelling*—

And the mine-haunting gnomes might revel there.

All, save the Demon throned on caverned fires,

In the volcano's arched and lurid hall,

Who from thee far and sullenly retires—

Lest his bright realms to sudden ruin fall :

Lest all should perish—even his proudest palace

'Neath red Stromboli—Etna's glowing veins—

One icy wave from thine o'erflowing chalice,

And but a cold and blackened wreck remains.



* The traveller seldom encounters a more perfect "tourbillon" of spray and wind, than that which salutes him in passing behind the edge of the sheet, where the fall of water is comparatively light. Owing to the difficulty of the path, and the torrents of air and water which impede his steps, he can penetrate but a short distance—about 100 yards—and the Grand Cavern, which probably extends behind the Central Fall, seems wholly inaccessible.

Whence come ye, oh wild waters? by what scenes
Of Majesty and Beauty have ye flowed,
In the wide continent that intervenes,*
Ere yet ye mingle in this common road?

The Mountain King, upon his Rocky throne,
Laves his broad feet amid your rushing streams,
And many a vale of loveliness unknown
Is softly mirrored in their crystal gleams.

They come—from haunts a thousand leagues away,
From ancient mounds, with deserts wide between,
Cliffs, whose tall summits catch the parting day,
And prairies blooming in eternal green;

Yet, the bright valley, and the flower-lit meadow,
And the drear waste of wilderness, all past—

* A stranger may form some idea of the volume of water precipitated over Niagara, by observing that it drains a surface exceeding 400,000 square miles, including the accumulations of four great inland seas.

Like that strange Life, of which thou art the shadow,
Must take the inevitable plunge at last.

Whither we know not*—but above the wave
A gentle, white-robed spirit sorrowing stands,
Type of the rising from that darker grave,
Which waits the wanderer from Life's weary lands.

How long these wondrous forms—these colors splendid,
Their glory o'er the wilderness have thrown!
How long that mighty anthem has ascended
To him who wakened its eternal tone!

That everlasting utterance thou shalt raise,
A thousand ages ended, still the same—
When this poor heart, that fain would add its praise,
Has mouldered to the nothing whence it came:

* By reason of the cloud of vapor which always shrouds the lower part of the Cataract, it is impossible to perceive the manner in which the falling waters "meet and mingle" with those below.

When the white dwellings of man's busy brood
Now reared in myriads o'er the peopled plain,
Like snows have vanished, and the ancient wood
Shall echo to the eagle's shriek again.

And all the restless crowds that now rejoice,
And toil, and traffic, in their eager moods,
Shall pass—and nothing save thine awful voice
Shall break the hush of these vast solitudes.

June, 1842.

THE FAMINE.*

BE proud, my lord! few men can ride upon a course like
thine,

Drive wherē thou wilt—to East or West—from London
to the Tyne.

Your chariot-wheels are rolling o'er famished heart and
head—

Your horses' hoofs are trampling down a life at every
tread.

* Some very good people, (in their way,) have objected to the ideas advanced in this piece that they are too strongly worded. I only regret that the insufficiency of our language, or my own insufficiency in using it, has prevented me from expressing them more forcibly. The denunciation which these lines convey, is intended for no one, who does not deserve it. In almost every class of persons to which allusion is here made, there are numberless bright examples of goodness and beneficence—there are also many, very many, whose demeanor, whether active or passive, has been atrocious, and it is to awaken the shame and alarm the conscience of these that the verses have been written.

And proud be thou, fair Lady! so royally arrayed
 In robes for which the nakedness of half a realm hath paid.
 Thy train hath stripped the shivering limbs of daughters
 and of wives—
 The jewel beaming on thy brow hath cost a hundred lives.

And prouder yet, oh Holy Church! thy favored sons
 may be,
 O'er every wealthy "living" the dying yield for thee.
 Still portion each fat benefice—still pile thee stones on
 stones*—

And rear the fane that mocks at God, o'er famine-buried
 bones.

Let stoles be donned—let prayers be conned—let solemn
 anthems flow—

And whiten each sepulchral soul with all of outward show.

And proudest, happiest far of all, America, be thou!
 Whose barns are filled to bursting—whose granaries
 o'erflow.

* St. Paul's was last rebuilt at an expense of £736,000, which amount, says some author, with much naïveté, "was *easily* raised by a small tax on coals."

Who, while the nations stand aghast, in wonder and in fear,
Art fattening on the famine that brings thee gold and gear.
Hurra! their gold, like drops of blood, is coming thick
and fast!

Each mite their wasted hands can earn shall be thine own
at last.

Ho, portly alderman! dost think, amid thy money-bags,
Of men who feed on offal? of women clad in rags?
Ho, gentle maiden! that in warm and lighted rooms dis-
playst

The naked arm, the naked throat, the almost naked breast!
Hast thou no angel-charity, no kindness to fulfil
For those on whom this winter storm beats down more
naked still?

Ho, thou that revellest at ease, on goodly sinecure!
Whose hounds are mumbling over bread snatched from
the starving poor!
Canst thou remember thee of *him*, whose fate was fixed of
old,
Whose dogs did lick the beggar's sores—in ancient story
told?

A day shall come ye little know—an hour ye little heed—
When He, whom ye forsake on earth, shall leave ye at
your need.

“Depart, I never knew ye! in mine abandoned lot,
Hungered, ye gave me nought to eat—naked, ye clothed
me not.”

Dost marvel at this picture? proud citizen, 'tis thine!
And thine, oh priest! whose pompous tone goes up before
the shrine.

'Tis thine, sleek man of office! thine, lawyer rich and
keen!

'Tis thine, fair dame! 'tis thine, proud peer! 'tis thine
—anointed Queen!

Ye, who can call right loudly upon his Holy Name,
Yet never know your suppliant Lord in anguish and in
shame.

Oh, thou that sittest by the hearth, thy fireside filled with
light,
Thy children all around thee, their faces beaming
bright!

Hast thou ever thought, while gazing upon its pleasant
glow,
Of the naked feet—of the wasted forms—that wander in
frost and snow ?

And thou that in thy cheerful hall art sitting down to dine !
Thy table heaped with costly cates, and bright with
sunny wine—

Hast thou remembered thee of those, to whom the coarsest
fare

Were food bestowed from heaven ? if not, how canst thou
dare

To ask a blessing on thy board, while Famine, even now,
Is gnawing at a million hearts—each dear to God as thou !

FEBRUARY 9th, 1847.

THE VILLAGE GRAVE-YARD.

It is a lone and sunny hill,
Where all is calm, and sweet, and still.
The spirit of the wandering air
Breathes lightly as he passes there,
And bids the wild-grass gently wave
Above each long-forgotten grave.
While yon grey elms, that many a year,
Have cast their evening shadows here,
And murmured o'er each clay-cold head,
Seem watchers of the quiet dead ;
And mourn, the same as long ago,
O'er these still sepulchres below.

At summer noon-tide, trimly drest,
On a Sunday, in their best,
Oft the village maids are seen,
Walking in the churchyard green—

Or with curious vision bent
O'er some mouldering monument ;
Where the quaint old epitaph,
By rude Time diminished half,
May wean their simple thoughts away
From the vanities of clay.

And here, beneath a mournful shade,
Two beloved forms are laid—
Two kind hearts have ceased to beat—
Hushed two voices, sad and sweet,
“Spirits twain” from earth have flown,
Such as earth has seldom known.
Oft in childhood had we played
'Neath that green and quivering shade—
Oft our feet together prest
On the turf where now they rest.
And one, the gentlest of our band,
Kind of heart and free of hand,
Said, while sitting at my side,
 In those pleasant tones and dear,
'Twas his hope, whene'er he died,
 That he might be buried here.

'Twas summer, and we decked his tomb,
The next, with wild flowers in their bloom.
There reared the violet, drooping low,
And taught the forest moss to grow.
And the same gentle task, each year,
Would call our lessened number here,
Until that ne'er forgotten hour,
 When, in her blooming pride,
Our dearest and our loveliest flower
 Was gathered to his side.
And left these hearts of sin and care,
To join her brother angel there.

But from that hour, the rest no more
Could meet in spring-time as before.
And these poor graves, for many a day,
All mournfully deserted lay ;
Save that, when autumn hours began,
 One led by saddest thought,
A friendless and unhappy man
 These silent dwellings sought—
And kneeled, to lay on each in turn,
A few half-withered leaves of fern.

Many a weary hour has flown,
And here at last I am, alone.
The pilgrim of a distant land,
Once more by these lone graves I stand.
Yet not so lonely now, for there,
Methinks with sculpture smooth and fair,
With fresh-heaped turf and marble new,
Another resting-place I view.
It fades—'twas nothing—yet its span
Seemed just the measure of a man.

What frame shall fill this narrow mound?
Oh! say, ye sleeping ones around!
Ye, that in centuries past have died!
Who next shall slumber by your side?
What cherished heart? what bosom fond?
And oh! far more—*what lies beyond?*

They may not tell—in vain the prayer,
That fain would seek its answer there.
These mouldering tenants of the dust
Are ever faithful to their trust.

And they, who from that dread sojourn
Have found, by miracle, return,
To mortal eye have never showed
The secrets of their dark abode ;
Have never breathed to mortal ear
The tale of Wonder and of Fear.
But carried all the lore it gave,
Down to their second, final grave.

1842.

OBED THE SKIPPER.

CAN ye remember, ye trusty two,
Mates of my boyhood, so tried and true!
That sweet spring morn when we hoisted sail*
To catch the breath of the southern gale—
And steered away in our slender bark,
A hundred leagues o'er the ocean dark?

For toil or for peril what cared we?
The flask was full, and the gale blew free.†
When seas were striving hard to o'erwhelm,
Well she minded her cunning helm.

* It was some time about the 1st of April.

† The tofally-abstinent reader is requested to observe that there is no evidence, whatever, that the said flask (it was a demijohn, by the way) was ever *emptied*.

A steady eye on the flaw was cast—
A steady hand held the tiller fast.
The winds might whistle and rave their fill—
The song and the tale were never still.

The porpoise tumbled beneath our bow—
The shark lay couched in the depths below.
And the gull and the petrel fluttered nigh,
Through a stormy sea, and a stormy sky.
And, but for these, o'er the wide-spread sea,
No living thing save the lonely three.

And when night came down o'er the waters wide,
We were lulled to sleep by the rocking tide.
No bell we sounded—no watch we kept,
But the lantern that lazily swung while we slept.
Though the plank was hard, and the deck came nigh*
As the narrow couch where we all shall lie—

* "The roof shall be built thy breast full nigh."—*Cædmon*.

A remark, the entire force of which can be appreciated only by one who has for some time enjoyed the sleeping accommodations of a vessel of exactly one ton measurement—per register.

Never, I ween, on a downy bed,
With curtains folded, and soft sheets spread,
Could the midnight calm on our eyelids stream
A sounder sleep, or a sweeter dream.

But now, all scattered far away,
Each in a distant land, we stray.
Hardly I know if in grief or mirth,
Ye are yet on the face of the sunny earth.

Many a bright spring sun hath shone—
Many a wintry blast hath blown.
But the brave old bark wherein we tost
Has left her bones on a far-off coast.
And since that dear mad cruise, have we
Over land and over sea,
Voyaged far and wearily.

Yet still, when the voice of the East is high,
And the line-storm lowers in a troubled sky—
When the forest moans, till its heavy roar
Sounds like the tide on a wild lee-shore—

My thoughts rove wandering far away
To the breaking surf and the salt-sea spray—
A sail's hoarse flap in the wind I hear,
And the roar of waves is loud in mine ear.

Come around me now, companions dear,
Who love old tales by the hearth to hear—
For the night is gusty, and dark, and drear,
And the moon doth tell that a storm is near.
Let the blast without raise its angriest shout,
And howl in the chimney, with sullen rout—
While I tell as fairly as tell I may,
A tale of the seas, and of times passed away.

'Twas a wild, rough day, when winds were high,
And the autumn equinox drew nigh,
Years dead and gone some thirty and three,
A gallant ship was sailing the sea.

'Tis a sight to look on, right fair and brave—
How proudly she rises from wave to wave!
With her courses furled, as she ploughs along,
And a double reef in her topsails strong.

On her hull so black a row ye might mark
Of teeth that can bite as well as bark—
Grinning full grimly on either side,
For 'twas war-time then o'er the ocean wide.
And many a sail, both in channel and main,
Roved o'er the waters for plunder and gain.

On her privateering deck you might view
A long-sided, keen-visaged Yankee crew—
Features of marvellous shape and size,
Beet-like noses and fish-like eyes.
There was Obed the Skipper, and Peleg the mate,
And many a moe that I can't relate.
But all, as they ply the goodly trade,
Believe their eternal fortunes made.
For many a prize they have sent to shore,
And are-keeping a sharp look-out for more.

But who is he, of the boyish face ?
He looks like one of another race.
With his light-curled hair, and cheek so fair,
Well you had marvelled to find him there.

Yet somewhat in him but half displayed,
Showeth that of which men are made :
A firm-wreathed lip, and an eye of pride
As bright and blue as the seas they ride.

And why hath he left the pleasant shore,
For the grey salt deep, and its restless roar—
To rove with Obed the sea-waves wild ?
That grim old man hath an only child.
To his youthful heart she has long been dear—
Long he has loved her, in hope and fear—
Yet hardly knows why he dares aspire
To win the love of her rude old sire.
Playmates from childhood, their simple flame
As yet, not even had found a name,
Though 'twas of that pure and generous kind,
That in older hearts ye may seldom find.
His voice had failed as he said "good bye,"
And a tear was trembling in Lily's eye,
When his passionate arms were round her cast,
And he took one kiss—'twas their first and last.
Never again shall those lips be prest,
Or that form be clasped to his loving breast.

And well and boldly full long he strove
To gain the surly old master's love.
None like William aloft could hie,
None like him could the wheel stand by.
Never a man on her deck, in sooth,
But loved the brave and the mirthful youth.

Yet howsoever he dares or tries,
Small grace hath he in the skipper's eyes.
Or if he had, on a luckless day
By an evil wind it was blown away.

The week before, they had hailed a bark
Steering from India—the stout St. Mark.
Sooth to say, 'twas a goodly craft,
Laden full deeply, fore and aft.
Already in thought the greedy crew
Are hauling her choicest stores to view—
Already are passing from hand to hand
Silks of the East and golden sand—
Teas and spices from China-land!
The boat is lowered—in the stern-sheets
His personage gruff the skipper seats.

William enters too, at his word,
And takes the helm as he steps on board.

'Twas night when they reached the stranger's side,
But the moon shone high in her autumn pride,
And her light came down so cold and keen,
The Man in the Moon could be almost seen.

None with Obed mounted on deck
But the boy who followed close at his beck.
With courtesy grim the skippers meet,
Grimly smile as they bow and greet.
Long the parley, as fore and aft
They walk the deck of the captive craft.
Long in the cabin they make their stay,
And when Obed cometh at last away,
(In grave and in courteous wise they parted)
Nor locker was oped, nor hatch was started.
Nor silk nor spice did the skipper bring
(He hath not brought us a cursed thing !)
Save one stout chest—'twas a grievous load—
In his private cabin right snugly stowed.

(When the cruise was o'er, and the good ship lay
Fast by the wharf in her native bay,
Cook and steward long tugged and swore,
Or ever they got that chest on shore.)

But what the wonder, and rage, and grief
Of all on board, save their wily chief,
When they saw the stranger loose every sail
And glide away in the moonlight pale.
While their own swift bark, hove to at her ease,
Lay like a log on the rolling seas.

Some tale he told them—it matters not—
A letter of pass, and the Lord knows what!
But from that hour, (it was hardly strange)
Hath fallen upon them a woful change.
The skipper weareth a threatening mien,
And a blush upon William's cheek is seen,
(For none but William had seen the gold
So slowly and grievously lugged from her hold)
He marks the boy with an evil eye
Fixed all sullenly and sly.

Seldom he cometh on deck, and then
 'Tis but to growl, and to rate the men.
 And on that day, with a sullen brow,
 And a heart of evil, he sat below.

Full sorely he sighed, and slowly took
 From his cabin locker the Holy Book.
 And now he is reading that pleasant part
 Where David (a man of the Lord's own heart)
 Bade that Uriah be left to die,
 When the strife by the leaguered wall rose high.

He hath closed the Book—he hath laid it down—
 And ta'en from his chest with a fretful frown,
 A "pocket-pistol," loaded and large—
 Yet it killeth not at the first discharge.*

What ship is that steering up from the south?
 She carries a mighty bone in her mouth!†

* See Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Sir John Falstaff.

† i. e. a great mass of foam.

At her peak is a cross of glittering red—
And the pennon streams from her tall mast-head.
Mark how she rolls! for the sea runs high,
'Tis flecked with foam like a mackerel sky.
A scud from the south comes driving fast—
And winds are raving through shroud and mast.

Obed the skipper on deck hath come,
And Ocean snuffeth the scent of rum.
Pepper-and-salt the skipper wore—
Pepper-and-salt behind and before.
Each button was big as a noddy's egg,
And the row thereof did reach to his leg.
It swelleth and tapereth o'er his thigh,
Like the shad ye catch when the stream runs high.

Seven times stalked he the length of her keel—
Seven times hath he turned on his heel.
At the stem, and at the stern,
Ever the skipper taketh a turn.
A big-bellied watch in his fob doth lurk—
He pulleth it out with a vicious jerk!

Six bells are sounded—an hour hath past—
Since through the glass he sighted her last.
The night is at hand—but she nears us fast!

Bitter the words he spake, and brief—
“She gains,” he muttered, “shake out that reef!”

Ear-ring and reef-point aside are cast,
And the topsail flaps on the quivering mast.
As the halliards are hauled, to his startled men,
“Loose the to’gallant!” he shouts again.
'Tis done—and she flies on the snowy sail,
As a mighty bird spreads her wings to the gale.
The mast yet stands, in the tempest’s roar—
But it strains as a stick never strained before!
The crew are staring in doubt and fear,
And they stare yet wider the word to hear,
Another hand must hurry aloft,
And loose yon royal, they’ve furled so oft.

He looked at his mates—they spoke not a word!
He looked at the crew—not a hand was stirred!

But an active step is heard at his side,
And he meets an eye of daring and pride.
And the devil within him softly said,
With a sneer, "Well, William! are you afraid?"

No word he uttered—or low or loud—
But sprang at once to the weather shroud.
And o'er the ratlins he climbs amain,
Through a squall that comes like a hurricane.
He has gained the cross-trees—he mounts the yard—
And the loosened canvass is flapping hard.
A hail is heard from his eyrie high!
A crash! she has parted her royal-tie!
Far to lee-ward amid the storm,
Flew the slender spar, and the slender form!

Twenty feet to the boat have sprung!
Twenty hands to the braces clung!
Old Tom at the wheel lets her luff a wee,
All ready to hear them sing out "hard-a-lee!"

But a hard rough hand, uplifted apace,
Hits old Tom in his honest face.

And a voice of anger is heard to say
“Keep fast that boat!—keep the ship away!”

And this was all—save a single cry,
That pierced each heart as the hull drove by,
And a fair, pale face for an instant seen,
Ere the giant billow rose high between.
But the last look on one we shall see no more,
Is stamped far deeper than all before.

In her pomp and pride the ship went by,
And left him alone on the sea—to die.
But if he sank in its soundless bed,
When the first dark surf broke o'er his head,
Or struggled long on his ocean-grave,
Weaker and weaker, with wave on wave—
Will ne'er be known till that Day of Dread,
The Day when the seas give up their dead!

Rough Obed follows the seas no more.
He hath built him a shingled house on the shore,

Fairly chambered, and garnished well—
Yet therein he loveth not long to dwell.

He had faced the storm, when its wildest blast
Like chaff was scattering each sail and mast.
On the deck unmoved he had stood,
When the scuppers streamed, and the planks ran blood.

But he cannot look on that fading eye,
That is dimmer daily, he well knows why ;
And the form that all slowly is wasting away,
And the cheek growing paler, day by day.

Where the sign of the Whale hangs creaking on high,
He drinks like a fish—but he's always dry !
Old Ephraim wonders what's come to pass,
And shakes his head as he fills the glass.
The bystanders whisper and stare to behold
Close Obed pay over the good red gold.
They ring it to catch the golden sound—
Weigh it, and turn it, and pass it round.

Full fairly it weighs, and 'tis red to the gaze—
But it looks yet redder to him who pays !

But he eyes the change with a vacant air,
And the empty glass with an empty stare.
Nought he heeds what they look or say,
And he mutters still, as he turns away,
“ They lie when they say I followed the sea—
And they lie when they say that a man follows me.”

The frost was hard in the old churchyard,
As the heart that hateth a famished bard.*
Pickaxe and mattock—crow and spade
A long dark trench in the earth have made—
And a narrow chest beside it is laid :
Brightly polished and quaintly built,
With its many corners, and handles gilt.

* Horace Walpole's, for example.

But a piteous thing lies pillowed below,
With its pale hands crossed on a breast of snow—
And its frozen tresses——but all are hid
'Neath that never more to be opened lid.
'Twas a cruel dwelling for one so fair,
That cold, dark bed! but they left her there—
Where the shades fall saddest at twilight's close,
And the long weeds wave when the night-wind blows—
Where the weeping willows their lean arms toss,
And the stones are gray with a century's moss.

LINES WRITTEN FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

I NEVER saw thee, little one,
I have not scanned thy face—
Yet trust thy years have well begun,
In gentleness and grace.

For aught I know, thine eyes are blue,
Thy ringlets wildly bright—
Perhaps they have a hazel hue—
Perhaps are dark as night.

Thy loving smile—thy tender voice—
Thy footstep soft and free,
That bid a mother's heart rejoice,
Are all unknown to me.

I never cared for children much,
Yet there are one or two
I love right tenderly—and such,
I hope, dear child, are you.

Like them, be kind—be meek—be just—
Be true to God and man—
Be sad and mournful, when you must—
Be cheerful, when you can.

Farewell! that word how can I name
To one I never met?
No matter—it is all the same,
So farewell! little H——

THE ARTISAN.*

'Tis hard, when on the stormy main,
The wave-worn sailor tries
For weeks in vain the port to gain,
That mocks his longing eyes.

And hard the settler's weary lot,
When, all the livelong day,
Through rugged woods and stubborn rocks
The axe and spade make way.

* Perhaps there is no spectacle more pitiable than a manufacturing district, into which improvements of power and machinery are, for the first time, introduced. The poor handicraftsmen, ignorant of the inevitable result, and confident in their own skill and industry, work early and late in *competition*, until actual starvation compels them to direct to other labors, their minds and bodies alike warped by long and unvaried servitude.

But harder is the piteous strife,
The awful feud between
The Elements and Human Life—
The Man and the Machine.

Poor wretch, that in some low dark room,
With failing hand and sight,
Through the long day at web and loom
Dost work from morn till night !

And toil to earn thy scanty meal,
Through half the midnight dark and dreary !
Alas, poor friend ! those nerves of steel—
Those iron thews are never weary !

Thou, in thy sad, unwholesome haunt,
May'st faint with want and woe,
But cold or hunger never daunt
Thy strong and sleepless foe.

O Children born to Want and Care,
And nursed by Toil and Pain !

These heavy loads why will ye bear
So long—and all in vain ?

There is a land beyond the seas,
Where, not in vain, free hands may toil—
No tyrant flag hath mocked her breeze,
No tyrant foot her soil.

The ocean deep that round her foams
Shall be your only thrall—
To her broad fields and harvest homes
Come freely, one and all.

THE BOOK.

A WRITTEN book is at my side—
Therein I keep a record strange,
A sad and mournful chronicle
Of human Fate and Change.

The list—not idly numbered o'er
Of those, who, borne the threshold forth,
Shall leave their footsteps never more
Upon the sunny earth.

Strange fellowship is witnessed there—
Strange names are mingled, side by side—
Traced coldly, or with reverent care,
As, one by one, they died.

The holy ones, whose angel feet
With mine, Life's dewy pathway trod—
And they, who in the hurrying street,
Returned a careless nod.

The friend, whose trusty heart would cling
To mine, alike in weal or woe—
And next, the poor forgotten thing,
That once they called my foe.

And here is one, whose sunny head
In auburn tresses oft I curled,
And there, a Name that filled with dread
The wonder-stricken world.

Yet lighter than to number all
Whom I have marked around me fade—
To count the withered leaves that fall
In autumn's forest shade.

Still, ever to my thoughtful eyes
Some long-forgotten form will rise.

Still I recall some buried face,
That long hath lost each human trace.

And one, who o'er each name did glance,
 (A pious, godly priest is he)
Saith "burn thy book—full soon, perchance,
 Thine own may added be!"

And if it be, mine honest friend!
 Or now, or in life-weary age,
Think'st thou no lesson I have gained—
 No moral from its page?

The Lovely—mid the haunts of mirth
 How soon their gentle reign was o'er!
The Great—how quickly from the earth
 They passed, and were no more!

And gazing here I think, since Life,
 E'en at the longest, fades so soon,
Why should we waste in care or strife,
 The frail yet precious boon?

No sermon thou did'st ever preach,
 (And goodly homilies are thine !)
Hath half the power my soul to reach,
 That dwells in each poor line.

And thus, dear ghostly friend, the book
 E'en at thy word, I will not burn—
But more thereon will rather look,
 Some gentler text to learn.

Some sad, yet far from gloomy thought—
 Some truthful lesson, pure and high—
To help us live as live we ought,
 And teach us——how to die.

V A T E S .

THE Poets ! who though dead, yet live among us,
And haunt our hearths like spirits—they who dwell
Not in old letters only, nor in realms
Peopled by Phantasy—but in our souls ;
Who, when the eyes are dim, and the heart heavy,
And the soul sick with anguish, till all words
Of comfort fall unmeaning on the ear,
Like parrots' prate, and all seems false and cold—
Can gently lure us to forget our woes,
And wander with them—listening to deep words,
And sharing their companionship, whose mien
Is never cold or wayward—

Oft I see them,
Not prisoned in the parchment—not on shelves
Dust-laden—but in each original form
Of beauty or calm-featured thoughtfulness,

They rest, reclined in peace—their labors done,
Or pass like shadows.

First, yet far withdrawn,
In the dim realms of Old Tradition throned,
One, who though blind, and clad in homely weeds,
Looks like a god—those sealed and sightless orbs,
(Their pale lids drooping o'er the imprisoned soul
Like the dark curtain drawn before a shrine)
Veiling unutterable majesty.

'Tis that beloved, blind old man, dear Homer!
Who, in the morning of this clouded life,
(Its seventh summer yet not long completed)
Welcomed, as one might welcome a dear child,
My wandering footsteps to that glorious realm,
Which first he founded and shall rule for ever.
And told me wondrous tales—of Heroes, Kings—
God-dwelt Olympus—the Abyss below—
Monsters unshaped and dread—then showed me forms
More beautiful than waking dreams can image,
Helen, Briseis—such as in old time,

Sprang from the strong embrace of Demigods,
And well might set a camp—a world in arms.

All half-forgotten—yet in after years,
When first the artist's chaste and classic limning*
So statue-like, yet life-like, lay before me,
What was my wonder, what my joy to see
The very forms that once in childhood haunted
Its sleeping, waking dreams—here, here they were,
The same proud faces—thus looked Agamemnon,
And thus Ulysses—"the immortal slave,"
And her immortal master—all unchanged.
Nor marvellous—the thoughts of children are
Simple, yet vast—their clear fresh minds can image
Full many a Truth—full many a pure Ideal—
To them revealed like instinct—sought by us
With toil and failure in maturer years.

Else wherefore those sweet trances, which could lull
The fiends Pain, Want, and Care (who even then

* Flaxman's designs.

Their prey had scented) when, by the dim lamp,
I sat a wayward child, and pored and pondered
On the worm-eaten ancient page that told
Of those, so brave, so lovely in old days,
Who long have lain beneath Sigæan mounds.

Or when, half-dreaming near some salt-sea pool,
Left by the tides upon a Northern strand—
Why on my truant steps, came hand in hand,
The Wonderful and Beautiful—why rose
Such visions of the unseen world?—of halls
Meet for the step of Deity to rove—
Of the sea-people in their voiceless caves,
Where never Echo came—the wealth of coral
And pearls, and sunny amber all around them?
Of bright Neptunian shores—and ancient galleys
Freighted with Demigods—each keel an Argo—
Like that old bark first on the Euxine launched,
Which steered her way untried, unpiloted,
(Save by thine oak oracular, Dodona!)
From Aulis' sea-worn strand to Colchis, laden
From helm to prow with heroes—Theseus

And the brave Twins—Ancæus, Hercules,
Apollo's gifted offspring, soon to fall
Adonis-like, in Lyncean woods—and Orpheus
On the high stern, as I have seen him pictured
In some rude, quaint design (not void of merit,
Though centuries old), his fingers on the lyre
Wandering distractedly, now half forget
To wake the strains angelic, and withal
A slight compression of the lips—the brow,
As her keel sweeps amid those fearful rocks
So soon to close—the dread Symplegades!
Himself the last!—a scene to be remembered.

Who should succeed the Master? what hand raise
The weighty sceptre? none—although we mark,
Long after, one who in deep-visions trance,
Sees the Eumenides, and the stern Victim
Breathing defiance from his couch of stone:
Another (what! we youth must live!)* gray-haired,
Yet crowned with roses, and deep-flushed with wine,

* See Sir John Falstaff's attack upon the travellers.

Trolling loose lays to no unwilling ears :
 And Two, that now sit quaffing at the board
 Of the world's master—then, if we may heed them,
 (Credat Judæus)* driving goats afield
 With a green switch.

And now a dreary void.

All that is beautiful and spiritual,
 All that is gentle and sublime, seem lost
 In outer darkness. Yet, like holy lamps
 Burning at dead midnight in some old chapel,
 Stand Three, of name inseparably twined
 With other three—who knows them, knowing not
 Of those fair ones—two cruel, and one lost.

They fade in turn—that night-capped, laurelled head—
 Those eyes that look with deep prophetic gaze
 Through Heaven and Hell—that worn, inspiréd face,
 That haunts us, as it haunted Leonora.

Now here and there a gleam of light seems breaking,
 And here and there an eager form is seen
 From the deep darkness striving to emerge.

* "Tell that to the marines."

Yet none like him who went before—save One
Greater than all preceding—or to come !
Him of the pointed beard and front majestic,
The features grave yet pleasant, and the brow
Worthy of Jove—the Limner of the Soul—
The Utterer of imperishable words,
Each line a proverb on the lips of men
For centuries—what thought shall number them,
If this earth hold ?—The Enchanter, at whose word,
The furies rise—Hate, Murder, Lust, Revenge
Take human forms and flit across the stage—
While, all unneeded, follow in their train
The axe, the headsman, and the draught of death.
Anon a merry laugh rings on the ear,
And Falstaff, Bardolph come—and Ancient Pistol !
And lived they not, these beings of the brain
So closely twined with all Belief and Fancy ?

Frown as we may, yet who can choose but feel
A strange, sad sympathy with that old knight,
(So gross, so satyr-like, yet how immortal !)
Less, haply, in his revels, cheek by jowl

With royal Hal, carousing pottle-deep,
 Mid all that goodly, roystering company,
 Than when, at last, abandoned, desolate,
 ("Put not your trust in princes"—'tis well written)
 In his simplicity, reviled, rejected
 By him whose merriest hours poor Jack had made,
 And dying, broken-hearted, in the tavern,
 Wit, friendship, merriment, mind itself, all gone,
 And talking, not too wisely, in his fits,
 He "babbled o' green fields"—

Oh, there are scenes

Might touch the coldest heart—and this is one.
 It might be, at that hour, (thus fancy loves
 To chase even phantoms, so they mimic life)
 A shadow crossed his eyes—and he beheld
 Not the dark city, nor the care-worn faces,
 Nor the old haunts endeared by drunken mirth—
 Which long had made his world—but the sweet sunlight
 Falling once more on well-known fields and forests,
 Scenes long-forgotten—and the village trees
 Waving once more, as in that pleasant time,

When life and sunshine were enough for pleasure,
 And little Jack, the happiest of the happy,
 Could find a joy in the gay wealth of meadows,
 Culling most carefully, and deftly twining
 The choicest field-flowers for his little loves,*
 Primrose and daisy, or the violet sweet.

These traits bespeak the Master—one who knows
 That universal thought—that sympathy
 Which lies at the root of all things—and hath mourned
 O'er thy sad lot, O poor Humanity !

Nor seldom, after a long life-time wasted
 In strife, in fraud, in lust, or sordid gain,
 (These the true dungeon of man's erring soul)

* If any untoward reminiscences of *Mistresses Page, Ford, and Quickly*, or even of the unfortunate *Doll Tearsheet*, intrude upon this allusion, we must remember that to infuse any degree of sentiment into the nature of *Falstaff* has been tacitly held impossible by *Shakespeare* himself.—The only trace of such a feeling is found in that most truthful and moving description of his end, and in the pathetic exclamation of his poor follower, *Bardolph*, "Would that I were with him, whether a's in Heaven or Hell."

At the approach of Death, their victims seem
 To loose each ancient bond—their fetters fall,
 (As at the Angels' touch) no link remaining
 In the long chain of slavery which had bound them.

One such I can recall—a mariner
 Rough as the seas he sailed,* and in his youth,
 When scarce an eye that scans this page had opened,
 Contending, and not vainly, on the deck
 With our old foes, for gain and victory.
 But his last days were peaceful, and went down
 Tranquilly to their grave, as he to his.

When now his hundredth year was well nigh told,
 And that old frame seemed subject to a child—

* During the war of the Revolution, he commanded a merchant-man which was captured by a British cruiser. Being left on board with only two of his hands, by a bold and skilful manœuvre he re-took the vessel, and navigated her into an American port. The prize-crew, (who had been dexterously clapped under hatches) swore that, if not immediately released, they would blow up the ship. "You may blow and be d—d," was the emphatic response, "I have as many friends in h—ll, as you have!" It is needless to remark that the magazine was *not* fired.

Just ere the spark so long and faintly burning,
Went out forever, leaving all in darkness—
A strange intelligence once more possessed
That soul age-wearied—for he spake of men,
Children with him, and names which half a century
Had been forgotten quite, save by the idler
Who roves mid tombstones—yea, and many more,
Whereof none knew, though, doubtless, once they were,
Even as ourselves—and now he dwelt among them,
And George was king again, whose fleets he fought.
Nor wanting softer, gentler memories
Of childhood's wanderings, and the murmured name
Of brother,—not the brother of past days,
With whom he trafficked, even as strangers might—
But him who shared each boyish holiday,
And swam the flood, and launched the mimic bark,
Each all unconscious of the storms and seas
And bitter gales thereafter to be borne,
On the dark waters they should rove so long.

Too long we linger by the springs that gush
From each rude rock stricken by prophet touch.

Raise but the inner lids, and we behold
 Another form of mild, majestic aspect,
 Long silver locks on either cheek descending,
 Yet in a meagre habit, old and poor
 And blind again!—does Nature hate her loveliest?
 Nay, haply merciful, for they who felt
 Upon their darkening lids that icy touch
 More dread than Azrael's—and knew they ne'er
 Again should gaze on this sun-gladdened earth—
 (All things familiar, palpable, beloved
 Again resolved to chaos and drear night)
 Yet, with a deeper vision, looked beyond
 And saw what mortal eyes had never seen.

He fades, like those before—a train succeeds
 Of lesser light and varied destiny.
 Sharing like Dives' heirs, unequally,
 The rich inheritance—most favored, one
 Of soul and strain discordant—(though oft gracing
 The noblest theme,) mingling melodious verse
 With harshest thought—another of pure life

And faith full orthodox (so vouched his priest) *
And conscience clear—yet haunted by a dread
Of infinite anguish—ever stumbling
Amid dark mountains—on whose soul oft fell
(As once on his, who, doubting, asked a sign)
“A horror of great darkness.” Sad he lived,

* Mr. John Newton—the original genius who studied theology in the cabin of a slave-ship, and sailed to the coast of Guinea with an assorted cargo of prayer-books and manacles. He seems to have possessed a certain heat and activity of temperament, which were supposed eminently to qualify him for a “fisher of men,” either in the long-boat, or the pulpit. It appears, however, that he met with rather more success in his latter vocation, as he naively remarks, on quitting the scene of his former exertions—“I was, upon the whole, satisfied with it, as the appointment that Providence had marked out for me ; yet it was in many respects far from eligible. It is, indeed, accounted a genteel employment, and is usually very profitable, though to me it did not prove so, the Lord seeing that a large increase of wealth could not be good for me.”

That such a mind should have assumed and maintained a spiritual ascendancy over that of Cowper! a perfect moral mimosa—shrinking from the touch and not safely to be approached except with the gentlest support and encouragement.

And died despairing*—yet perchance, (if that
 Which Bunyan dreamed, and he believed, were true)
 When waking from the phantom-haunted sleep,
 Which men called life—beheld the Eternal One,
 Whose loving kindness he had doubted so,
 Smiling upon him—and the Heavenly Host
 Welcoming, through their ever-bright array,
 The brother, weary and astray so long.

* His last words indicated an utter hopelessness of future mercy or happiness.

After death, however, the expression of his countenance (says his friend and relation, Mr. Johnson) “was that of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with a holy surprise.”

Had Bunyan written a century later, we should certainly suppose that he had in his mind’s eye the unhappy Cowper, when drawing the picture of his well-meaning, faint-hearted pilgrim, Mr. Fearing,—concerning whose misadventures, his conductor Mr. Great-heart, gives so lively a narrative.

“He was a man that had the root of the matter in him, but he was one of the most troublesome pilgrims that ever I met with in all my days.

* * * * *

“When he was come to the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I thought I should have lost my man—

Another and another—Thou the First,
 Of haughty, yet of spiritual beauty,
 Whom foes and bigots, * conscious of thy might,
 (Yelping like curs who view the huntsman's lash,
 Yet crouching, whining still, and ill at ease)
 Have in their impotent malice, loved to name
 The lost archangel!—and indeed, if Strength
 Greater than all among the Sons of Earth,

* * * * *

“Oh! the hobgoblins will have me! the hobgoblins will have me! cried he; and I could not beat him out of it. He made such a noise and such an outcry here, that had they but heard him, it was enough to encourage them to come and fall upon us.

* * * * *

Upon the enchanted ground he was very wakeful. But when he was come to the river where there was no bridge, there again he was in a heavy case. Now, now, he said, he should be drowned for ever, and so never see that face with comfort that he had come so many miles to behold. And here also, I took notice of what was very remarkable; the water of that river was lower at this time than ever I saw it in all my life: so that he went over at last, not much over wet-shod.”—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

* “No forsooth, he hath but a little wee^d face, with a little yellow beard—a cain-colored beard * * * * * but he is a tall man of

And the firm will, and the unyielding pride,
 Not to be moved by obloquy or blame,
 Could make thee such, thou wert——when thoughts
 and passions

Such as for centuries had not stirred the heart
 Of hoar Humanity, thronged side by side,
 Like fiends and angels mingled—in an age
 So prodigal of greatness, that it seemed
 As if a new race had arisen to people

his hands * * * * he hath fought with a warrener.”—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

It is curious to observe how many men have come down to us with a reputation in literature founded upon a title somewhat like Master Slender's to that of valor—they have “fought a warrener.”

But for Pope, who would ever have heard of Dennis? but for Voltaire, of Maupertuis? but for Milton, of Salmasius?

Had not Shakspeare been tried before his worship, Sir Thomas Lucy might have slept with his fathers. But for Horace and Virgil the names of Bavius and Mævius had been silent for ever.

We may even venture to predict that Messrs. Jeffrey and Southey, men of real and acknowledged ability, will be less known to posterity from the writings which influenced their contemporaries, than as swelling, (by their controversy with Byron) the long list of those who have attained this rather questionable kind of immortality.

The worn-out earth—amid names which for ever
Shall shine like beacons down the stream of Life,
To guide and warn the wanderer o'er its depths—
Then, like the Angel seen by him of old,
('Neath each Titanic footstep sea and land)
One Soul stood forth, the mightiest of them all
That rule the immeasurable realms of Thought.
One Light of Genius rose, unseen before,
And with strange gleam shone through the firmament,
Brilliant and vague, like some erratic star
That mocks the astronomer, and half eludes
With its new glory, all the rules of art.

And thus mankind, still ever in th' extreme,
Feared, hated, loved, admired, and marvelled sore
How one could be so great and yet so little.
We, who can look more calmly, well may see
Somewhat to grieve at, yet how much to love,
In that strange Life, so brief, so sorrowful.

And cold it were to think without a sigh,
Almost a tear, upon its mournful ending :
That sullen shore, washed by the dark Ægæan—

The war-beleaguered town—the gloomy chamber,
Where like a dying lamp, that glorious spirit,
So bright, so luminous once, yet long consuming
All unperceived, the brain, the heart that fed it—
Waxed fainter, feebler—and at last shot up
One fitful gleam—then passed away for ever.

Oft hath that hour, that scene of sadness haunted
My lonely thoughts—and with him ever comest
Thou of the gentle form and sorrowful mien,
Who wast, among the eager sons of men,
Like some pale sojourner from other worlds—
Earth's weary lessons all as yet unlearned.
Whose soul seemed ever in dim paths astray,
And though oft mingling sadly right and wrong,
Though wandering darkly oft in doubt and error,
Still sought the Truthful—still essayed the Good.
With all that should have made thee loved, revered,
Doomed through thy life to meet with hate, reproach,
False friends, stern foes, and scarce a kindred soul.

Yet, haply, there is one, whom (had he lived
But a few lustra sooner, or thou later)

Thou mightst have loved—who surely had loved thee ;
 And, if thou wouldst, right brotherly had shared
 All thine unmerited griefs, thy simple pleasures :
 Oft, as thou loved'st, friendly intercourse
 Far in the night protracting, held high converse
 Of all we are, and shall be—theme the dearest
 (Unsicklied by the feverish breath of Cant)
 To an immortal mind—at early dawn,
 Climbed mountains with thee, pitying the dark world
 That lay below—sailed with thee in thy boat
 O'er summer seas,—nor shunned the adventurous helm,
 When winds were highest on the rough Tyrrhenian,
 Thy play-ground—and alas ! thine early grave.

Ye are all vanished from a world of care,
 Which knew ye, but too late—all silently
 Unto the grave ye went, no monument,
 Save in the souls of men.

—Amid them, one

Who hath retracked the past to dwell among ye—
 Sat with ye in your chambers—walked with ye,
 Sharing high thoughts : and though tis many a year
 Since last he scanned your kind familiar faces,

(Neglect half impious) and although ye need
No praise of mine, no incense to your fame—
Receive, immortal Brotherhood, the homage
Of one who erst was all your own, and when
His love was worth acceptance, (if the tribute
Of a pure heart's affection may be deemed
An offering not unworthy) loved ye well.

Nor unremembered be each living bard,
Upon whose brow the laurel yet is green—
They, who, though merged in earth's too busy commerce,
Though living in this iron age—have sung
Strains not unworthy of the Great of Old.
And on each sacred hearth, by Lares guarded,
Yet keep the vestal flame of Learning bright.

Nor They, whose souls, all Harmony—all Beauty,
Have ne'er, or seldom worn the garb of verse,
Poets of prose—for many such there be,
Thou first of all, whom all delight to honour,
True-souled American! who wandering long
In old and distant lands, hast ne'er forgotten
Thine own—nor ever been forgot of Her.

For with thy name what pleasant thoughts arise,
Half nameless—thoughts of old primeval days,
The vanished Indian, and the stern, quaint race,
That came upon his happy hunting-grounds.
Of ancient Hendrick with his spectre-crew
Bound China-ward—and those long thunderous peals
Still rolling of a summer's afternoon.
While ever, (like the pleasant interlude
Of Puck or Shallow in some grand old play)
Comes each mirth-moving scene—of Ichabod,
Lank-sided—and Mynheer, with nether raiments
Innumerable—and of that goodly cloud
Which hung o'er Mannahatta, shadowing forth
Chimney, and dome, and steeple.

Now we stand

Amid old chambers, moss-grown stairs, and arches
Decayed, yet beautiful in their decay,
And ruined fountains—yet, even now, methinks,
The footsteps of Zorayda—Lindaraxa—
(Their white feet rivalling the marble floor)
Still echo lightly in Alhambra's Halls.
Then pause with thee on yon far mountain-ridge—
And lo! the Hill of Tears—the Moor's last Sigh!

One labor yet remained. One mighty Name
Yet waited the Historian. Who should equal
That Life? theme worthy of no common pen!
Meetest of all for thine, who hast, like him,
The high Adventurer of thy chronicle,
Explored and founded on these western shores
A new and noble world—the world of Letters.

And thou, who scarce art second in our hearts,
Dear Charles! (for here we hardly may inscribe
Thy less euphonious, not less cherished name)
I have not seen thee, nor thou me,—these words
May never meet thine eye—yet, if they should,
Let it not irk thee once again to hear
(What thou so oft must needs have heard before)
That one to all so kindly, save the bad,—
And those, reclaimed—hath yet another friend,
Who, though he may be nought to thee, surrounded
By kindred, countrymen, admiring hearts,
And “troops of friends”—yet cherishes esteem,
Heartfelt as theirs—and love not less sincere.

And thou,* who pondering deep and scholarly
 O'er men and books, calm weighing thought and action,
 Hast fathomed the deep Springs of Past and Present,
 And analyzed the subtle soul itself.

Who, wizard-like, or liker some deep chemist,
 From the chaotic mass of Laws and Letters,
 And the confused wanderings of Art,
 Hast drawn the True, the Beautiful, the Right.

Not incoherent these thy graver toils
 With bright Romance and Genius—witness Ivry!
 And ye, Old Lays, to which, Amphion-like,
 Again Rome rises—not the Rome of now—
 Nor that, where Angelo, Bramante built
 Their mountainous domes—the men whose names and
 deeds
 Seem Titan-like even yet—but that Old City,

* It will be unnecessary to suggest to any one, who (as Lord Ch. Justice Crewe says) “hath any apprehension of gentry or nobility,” the names of Irving, Dickens, and Macaulay—men to whose prose we are indebted for more of the true spirit of poetry, than to nine tenths of those who write, or ever have written in rhyme or metre.

Even at whose name throngs back upon the soul
 All that is grand, and strong, and terrible.
 And here once more She stands—and all along
 Her crowded Forum, and her busy streets
 The Forms are moving, we have seen or dreamed
 In the old days—Horatius, Chaste Lucrece,
 And thy Virginia—ever sacred name!
 Rememb'ring truth and purity of life;
 Yet saddened by their woes, who kept it well—
 Martyrs to Love and Virtue—from the maid
 Whose wrongs, whose innocence thou so well hast told—
 To her, for whom her island-lover watched
 Over the ocean tide so long—in vain.
 She came at last—alas! t'was vainer still!

Peace hover o'er your dwellings! yea, and all,
 Dwell where ye may, who in your bosoms cherish
 The spark divine, Promethean—reft of which
 The world's a den—a brother's heart salutes ye,
 And offers all it may, a friendly greeting.

Strive as we may, it is a weary world
 For those who look beyond the common ken,

The purblind glimpse that satisfies the most,
 And hath been wearier—but a better dawn
 Seems breaking, and our children may behold
 The day—for which, how long! how wearily!
 The Watchers of the Mind have looked.—

Alas!

If we but glance beyond these scenes, and mark
 The ghastly Shapes that haunt the fleeing night
 Which for so long hath brooded o'er man's soul,
 What sights we see! what tales are told by Her,
 The Beldame who hath listened to its ravings
 Through the long, fevered watches—now She tells
 Of mightiest souls o'ercome with want and madness—
 Of injured Genius pining in foul dungeons,
 Of pleasant comedies, writ by starving men,
 Folly in purple—wit and worth in rags—
 The unhappy children of high Destiny, now
 Feasting with princes—now with Chatterton
 Gnawing their hearts*—or Otway in his garret
 When, striving in his hungered agony
 To sate starvation on the wretched crust

* “Φθινύθεισκε φίλον κῆρ”—*Iliad*. I.

That mocked his famine, choking the dry throat,
He died, the bitter morsel yet unswallowed.

Sad though the want—yet oft-times sadder yet,
The unhappy fortune, the disgraceful honor
Waiting the Sons of Genius—now they stand,
Stemming each brutal tide of popular wrong,
Or with brave mien uttering truths from which
Tyrants might shrink, and Vice retreat in shame,—
And now, forgetful of their high estate,
Fawning upon the hands that give them bread.

But sights like these—(the sycophant, the beggar)
May vanish, and are vanishing fast—yet still,
Though many forms of woe are gone, that once
Held fiercest conflict in the noblest breast—
No few of their sad comrades yet remain,
Phantoms no light can scare—we still behold
The same fond hope—alas, how vainly cherished!
For Goodness, Wisdom, Loveliness united.
And the same irrepressible thirst for Love,
Too seldom quenched, save at unholy fountains,

The same wild worship of the Beautiful,
And that o'erflowing tenderness of heart
Which folds in its embrace all living things,
And is most mocked by that it most would cherish.

These, and yet others sadder far than these,
Have cast in turn their dreary shadows o'er
How many!—yet of each we still may deem
That not in vain he lived—in vain he died.
Like faded leaves they fall—yet even like them
Their being all fulfilled—their destiny
Not unaccomplished, nor its purpose void.
Hopes withered—ruined fortunes—crushed affections—
And Love laid low in dust—these are the soil
From whence the Immortal springs—bright, amaranthine.

THE PORTRAIT.

THOSE calm and sorrowful eyes!
What mournful meaning lies
Within their silent depths, oh! broken-hearted!
Some cold and cruel care
Still seems to linger there—
Some trace of grief and anguish long departed.

Of tears unseen they tell,
Of trials brooked full well,
A spirit that might break, yet would not bend—
Of silent suffering borne
Mid unrequited scorn—
And wrongs endured in patience to the end.

Oft at the silent hour,
When the Unseen hath power,
And forms of other worlds seem hovering near us—
When flickering shades that fall
Upon the darkened wall,
Advance, and then retreat as though they fear us—

When, even as now, I seem
Half in the Land of Dream,
Its mournful dwellers dimly gliding round—
Methinks I can, almost,
Discern thy hapless ghost,
And hear its timid footstep press the ground.

And thou, poor spirit, thou
Perchance art near me now,
And seekest, not in vain, some human kindness.
Oh! if thou read'st my thought,
Canst thou discover aught
Save love for thee—pity for mortal blindness?

But thou art far from here,
And in some happier sphere
Hast long forgotten all thy gloomy part—
The love—the gentle mirth,
Thou never knew'st on earth,
Have fallen like sunshine on that wearied heart.

Oh Love! what lovest thou?
The wan and care-worn brow—
The faded cheek—the dark, despairing mind?
Oh! these are not of Thee,
Yet such would seem to be
The traces thy sweet footsteps leave behind.

TO ANGELINE.

O'ER many a hill the winds blow shrill,
The blue seas roll between—
And yet, methinks, I see you still,
Dear little Angeline!

And thus could almost bid you stay,
To clasp your hand in mine,
With that confiding, gentle way
You had in "auld lang syne."

And take, once more, a pleasant walk
On old Rhode Island's shore—
We always loved to hear you talk—
So, prattle on, once more.

Can you recall that happy day,
 When, by the salt-sea tide,
In merry sport, and careless play,
 We wandered, side by side ?
Your heart o'erflowing, sweet and wild,
And I, once more, a happy child.

Mid those lone rocks the sea-winds sigh,
 The waves still toss their spray,
The calm blue sky still bends on high—
 Though we are far away.
And on that dear, far distant shore,
Perchance we two shall meet no more.

Gone are the joyous days of old,
 The star of youth has set,
And friendship changed, and love grown cold—
 Since face to face we met.
Yet thy dear name, I scarce know why,
Brings back sweet thoughts of days gone by.

Of many a wild and woodland glen,
Of many a streamlet's flow—
Methought that we were happy then—
But this was long ago.
And since those pleasant moments, we
Have wandered far o'er earth and sea.

And ah! so many weary years,
May now have glided by,
That woman's cares and woman's tears,
Have dimmed that sparkling eye.
The gentle eye that once I knew
As clear and calm as heaven's own blue.

And thou this altered form wouldst scan,
I fear, with little joy,
And shrink to find a wayward man
Too like the wayward boy.
And meet on his unquiet brow
A darker shade than ever now.

But we will hope for happier days,
Like those enchanted hours,
On which the light of memory plays
Like sunshine over flowers.

For thou art not forgotten here,
And ah! how canst thou be,
While feelings, to each heart so dear,
Are twined with thoughts of thee?

And there is one, who still shall keep
Those thoughts, till memory part—
And waft across the sullen deep,
A blessing to thy heart.

Still clings to care and mirth,
Sunshine and shade.

Yet in a little while,
(Full well I wis)
How calmly we shall smile
Upon all this !

And looking down, perchance,
Shall, half in mirth
Yet half in pity, glance
On this poor earth—

When Sorrows, one by one,
Have all descended—
When the last task is done—
The last pang ended.

And all these wondrous joys,
These woful fears,
Shall seem like children's toys—
Like children's tears.

PHILIP THE FREED-MAN.

It was a barren beach on Egypt's strand,
And near the waves, where he had breathed his last,
The form of one slain there by treachery
Lay stripped and mangled. On each manly limb
Somewhat of strength and beauty yet remained,
Though war, and toil, and travel, and the lapse
Of sixty years save one, had left their marks
Traced visibly.

But the imperial head,
The close-curl'd locks, and grizzled beard were gone!
Soon to be laid before the feet of one,*
Who should receive with anguish, horror-struck,
Giver and gift!—and weeping, turn away.

The ruffian task was ended—the base crowd
Had stared its vulgar fill—and they were gone,

* Cæsar, his relative and former friend.

The murderers and the parasites—all gone.
But one yet lingered, and beside the dead,
As the last footstep died away, he knelt,
And laved its clotted wounds in the salt-sea—
Composed with care the violated frame—
Doffed his own garment, and with reverent hands
Covered the nakedness of those brave limbs.

But for a pile?—a few dry boughs of wood
For him, before whose step forests had fallen,
And cities blazed! yet looking, sore perplexed,
He spies the wreck of an old fishing-boat,
Wasted by sun and rain—yet still enough
For a poor body, naked, unentire.

While yet he laid the ribs and pitchy planks
In such array as might be, decently,
For him, whose giant funeral pyramid
All Rome had raised—(could he have died at Rome)—
An old man came beside him—

“Who art thou,

That all alone dost tend with this last service,
Pompey the Great?”—He said “I am his freed-man.”

"Thou shalt not make this honour all thine own!
 Since fate affords it, suffer me to share
 Thy pious task—though I have undergone
 These many years of exile and misfortune,
 'Twill be one solace to have aided thee
 In offering all that now remains to him,
 My old commander—and the greatest, noblest,
 That Rome hath ever borne!"

They raised the body,
 And tenderly, as we move one in pain,
 Laid it upon the pile—in tears and silence.

And one, his friend *—full soon to follow him—
 (Late shipped from Cyprus with Etesian gales,)
 Coasting along that desolate shore, beheld
 The smoke slow rising, and the funeral pyre
 Watched by a single form.

"Who then has ended
 His days, and leaves his bones upon this beach?"
 He said, and added, with a sigh, "Ah, Pompey!
 It may be thee!"

* Lucius Lentulus.

THE NURSE OF NERO.

WHEN he, whose name for thousand years hath been
But one word more for Crime and Cruelty,*
Beheld his life and power, both long abused,
Draw near their end together—on each side
Armies, and provinces, and kings revolting,
A world against him—and the bitter draught,
Which he to other lips so oft had held,
Commended, with all justice, to his own—

* Perhaps no name has been held so entirely synonymous with all that is evil. Our own annals, however, can supply one far more revolting, both in sound and association,—“Bloody Mary!” What an epithet to convey to the future, the memory of a human being—and a woman!

There is a sort of horrible euphony in those two words, which will ensure their coherence while there is such a thing as English history, or popular tradition.

When, through the streets of million-peopled Rome,
From door to door he went, from house to house,
And none would shelter him*—his aged nurse,
(For Nero's self was suckled, those fierce lips
Had drained sweet fountains—not from Agrippina,)
She, who had lulled those ominous slumbers, strove
To give him comfort—all might yet be well!
Others had been in greater straits than he!

And when at last Death clutched him—meeter prey
Those lank jaws never closed on—and dislodged
From that polluted frame the hellish sprite
That long had harboured there—when, scorpion-like,
Ringed round with foes and hate, he sought his end
With slow, unwilling hand †—and grieving sore,—

* Lives of the XII. Cæsars.

† Comparisons are proverbially odious! (would that Plutarch had thought so!) but we cannot refrain from remarking some singular coincidences in the lives of two of the worst of men. “*Quam vellem nescire literas!*”—“*Oh! that I had never learned to write!*” said the grandson of the high-souled Germanicus, when the first death-warrant was presented to him. (Cortes said the same.)

Less for his kingdom than his fiddlestick—*
Expired, (two daggers planted in his throat,
And his eyes starting from his head—a terror!)†
And the foul corpse was hurried under-ground—
Hers may have been the hand, the withered hand,
That all unknown “long after decked his grave
With spring and summer flowers.”‡

Robespierre, the virtuous, the incorruptible, forsakes the chair of office rather than be accessory to the shedding of blood. In their last hours the resemblance becomes yet closer.—Each, when all was over, attempted suicide, but so clumsily and unskillfully, that others were compelled to finish what their trembling hands had failed to accomplish.

* “He continually exclaimed, ‘Alas! what a musician is about to perish.’”—TACITUS.

† Suetonius.

‡ The very words of the historian.

SOLITUDE.

THIS narrow room—this narrow room,
Sad image of a future doom ;
Silence, where all around is loud,
And loneliness amid a crowd.
On the free mountain could I stand,
Nor mark one trace of human hand,
Or steer my bark, where none might be,
Save mine old playmates of the Sea,
The winds and waves—'twould ne'er impress
This sense of utter loneliness.

And here I sit, day after day,
To watch the weary time away.
The minutes pass—how slow they creep!
The hours—how heavily they sleep!

And yet, when all at last are gone,
It seems that scarce an hour has flown.

Like one in dungeon drear confined,
On the dull dial of whose mind,
Time's shadow leaves no trace behind—
Thus o'er my soul each heavy day,
So weary in its long delay—
Each lingering hour, whose sullen strife
Seemed lengthened into half a life,
So dimmed with doubt—so chilled with care,—
Have passed—nor left a record there.

And thus, perchance, for many a year,
Day after day will find me here ;
Still toiling in this narrow lot,
Unloved—uncared for—and forgot :
Without one hope of peace at last,
Or one sweet memory of the past.

THE DEPARTED.

A VOICE that is hushed forever—
A heart in the cold—cold clay ;
Once wildly stirred, at every word
Thy cruel lips could say.

And canst thou bury the Past,
Like the dead, in its funeral pall ?
The cold, dark sneer, and the look severe—
Hast thou forgotten them all ?

All the departed one
So sadly, sweetly bore—
And how tears did rise, in the gentle eyes
That now can weep no more ?

But worlds, if offered now,
 Would not restore thee a day ;
Could'st thou give thine all, 'twould never recall
 The hours that have passed away.

Aye ! let their memory linger,
 One true, sad lesson giving—
Thy tears are shed in vain o'er the dead—
 Be kinder to the living.

TO J * * * .

“ Speak, Ancient House, oh, think'st thou yet thereon ?”

GERMAN STUDENT-SONG.

ONCE more, old friend !—'tis many a day
Since thus beside me thou didst stand—
For I have been a weary way
Since last I took thy hand.
And journeyed far, yet never known
A face more friendly than thine own.

By the tombstone of Memory,
We'll sit, as we were wont to do,
And trace, like Old Mortality,
Each fading line anew.

Canst thou remember all our merry ways,
That now are dead and gone ?
Methinks it was right pleasant in those days,
My dear old crony, J—— !

Once more together we will drink
In mournful jollity,
To vanished gladness—, yet, I think,
Thy glass with mine did ever clink
Right merrily !

Aye, many a night, our vigil keeping far,
We two did revel, answering cup for cup,
Meanwhile the Meerschaum, or mild-wreathed cigar
Curled sweetest incense up.

Through the long night together how we read
Old famous books—and pledged those wondrous men,
Whose words yet thrill, like Voices from the Dead
Come down to earth agen.

Or pored upon the quaint and marvellous scrolls
Of dreamy alchemist—or read the tales
Of ancient travellers, and those brave souls,
That spread their venturous sails

For unknown lands—and sought some deep recess,
Some old primeval forest, dark and green,
Or waved farewell across the wilderness—
And never more were seen.

What simple fare, what moderate libation,
Could then content us—Ah! what merry quips—
What genial thought—what apt, inspired quotation
Sprang freely to our lips.

And if perchance the bowl
Less warily we drained,
Until no drop remained—
What flow, save that of soul
Running in rills ecstatic!
What feast, save that of reason!
And (the said feast to season)
What salt, except the Attic!

At such high tide we pondered, argued deep
 Of Life, of Destiny, of Thought profound—
 Until like drowsy Wanderers, half asleep
 On the Enchanted Ground.*

And when I read thee once a marvellous
 Old tale in verse, (it was thyself that bid)
 Yet somewhat of the longest—Morpheus,
 Foul fall him—closed each lid.

Thy lubbard head upon its shoulder fell—
 But I forgive thee—those were pleasant nights,
 Noctes, Cænæque ! ours, thou knowest well,
 No rude or Scythian rites.

* —“ they went on until they came to a certain country, whose
 air naturally tended to make one drowsy, if he came a stranger
 into it. * * * * * ‘ now then,’ said Christian,
 ‘ to prevent drowsiness in this place, let us fall into some good dis-
 course, * * * * *

Saints’ fellowship, if it be managed well,
 Keeps them awake, and that in spite of hell.’ ”

PILGRIM’S PROGRESS.

But the wine had a perfume that is gone,
A sparkle bright it will not have again—
Methinks thine eye was all the brighter, J——,
Yet not more friendly, then.

Still let us mingle with a mournful pleasure,
Hearts that not yet are touched by worldly frost,
And brood, like misers, o'er our buried treasure,—
Deep buried, yet not lost.

In cheerful sadness—yet, when we remember
How they are gone, who sat beside each hearth—
Two ghosts, carousing in some ruined chamber,
Could share no drearier mirth.

TEARS.

FALL gently on my heart—
Ye silent tears that start
Unchecked, unbidden from your fountains deep—
Yes, ye may flow in peace,
I will not bid ye cease—
For nothing now is left them, but to weep.

Long have those fountains kept
Tears, such as once they wept—
Long sealed—long hidden grief's mysterious stream—
'Tis many a weary year,
Since last they shed a tear,
And now, how calm—how passionless they seem.

Oh! not like childhood's dews,
Whose blessed springs diffuse
Their balm o'er all our little woes and fears—
Nor such as yield relief
To quick and passionate grief—
Are the stern drops we shed in after years.

Burning and salt they are—
But these are milder far,
And though no ray of former hope remain,
Yet with them, memories steal,
I never thought to feel—
And forms I never deemed could rise again.

Then gently—gently fall,
And oh! perchance, from all
The tears oft shed like rain from mortal eyes,
Even as from April showers,
That bring the sweet May-flowers,
Some Good shall spring—some blessed Hope shall rise.

JACK'S VISITOR.*

'Tis a dull, flat common—a lonely moor,
Where the grass is withered and scant and poor.
In its soil so barren, swampy and low,
The very weeds have forgotten to grow.
Poisoning the air and clouding the sky,
The monster London croucheth hard by—
(All day long from her nostrils rolled
Flames and smoke, like the giants of old)
And the breath of her thousand fires comes forth
To taint the air, when the wind is north.

* This story has hardly been written with "malice prepense." On a winter's evening, when tales of diablerie and the preternatural were in request, the narrator's fancy supplied something like the following—which he has since, perhaps with questionable improvement, done into verse.

Beside it the brackish river runs,
 Burdened with ships of a thousand tons.
 Their black hulks float on the sluggish tide,
 Or rot at anchor in reaches wide.

Robbers and murderers, half a score,
 Are hung in chains on the lonely shore ; *

* This tasteful and salutary practice is of ancient date, and would seem to have been originally founded on the idea that (to use the quaint words of Mr. Justice Blackstone)—“ it is a comfortable sight to the relations and friends of the deceased.”

Further to promote this “ comfortable ” frame of mind, it was also customary for the relations and friends aforesaid, to drag the criminal by a long rope to the place of execution—a process ingeniously and kindly devised to sooth their bereaved and excited feelings.

The description which old Plowden (in his barbarous law-French) cites from Bromely, is too curious to be omitted.

—“ quaunt le felon fuit troue culpable en appel de murder, que le auncyant usage fuyt, que tous ceux del sanke (sang) cesty que fuyt murder traherent le felon per longe corde al execution, quel use fuit foundue sur le perd \bar{q} tout le sank auoit pur le murder del un de eux, et pur lour reuengement, et le amour que ils auoyent a luy tue, ceo fuit use.”—II HENRY 4, 12.

Where the sun seems only to lend his light,
To "flee and mock" at the ghastly sight.

But the earth was hoary with frost and snow,
When here, in a house that is long laid low,
On a winter night, in the century gone,
Jack Ketch sat over his fire alone.

Weary——for he had been hard at work——
I know not whether on Hare or Burke——
But the noose on each neck had been deftly twined,
And the bodies wavered in frost and wind.

The fire was low, the lamp burnt dim,
And the night seemed dreary, even to him.
For the storm was abroad in its wildest glee,
Rushing like mad over land and sea.
Shook each chimney and steeple high,
As the flap of its sullen wings flew by——
A sound ever followed by woe and wail,
Rending of roof and shivering of sail.

Lord! how it blew!—'twas a night as wild
As that, when a mother who bore her child
Starving and shivering amid the storm,
Had stolen a blanket to keep it warm.
'Twas a thought that well might his memory greet—
He had hanged her himself in Newgate-street!*

He thinks of her—and he thinks of those
He has left without to the storms and snows:
Of the chains that creak where they swing on high,
And their rags that flap as the wind sweeps by.

Was that a knock? no, 'tis but the blast,
That shakes his door as it hurries past.

* Whether this commonly received anecdote is literally true, I have not at this moment the means of ascertaining. The Old Bailey records could disclose many a case of more than parallel atrocity—witness that of Phœbe Harris! Our own criminal annals furnish repeated instances as lamentable and disgraceful. In Massachusetts, the last victim to that savage law, which for the loss of worldly goods, takes that which man can never give again, was so wretchedly poor, that when suspended to the “accursed tree” his rags fluttered in the wind.

For the winds, like urchins wild in their play,
Knock naughty "doubles," and scamper away.
And the sleet and snow, and the hail and rain
Are tapping hard at his window-pane.

What ails the dog, that he creeps aside
Moaning and seeking a place to hide?
He lifts his paws as if stepping on eggs,
And his tail is hanging between his legs!

Again, a knocking! but, as I live,
'Twas a knock that a dead-man's hand might give!

The sound was hollow, and heavy, and hard
As the oaken panel whereon it jarred.
And hark! through the storm it cometh again,
Like the knob of some testy old gentleman's cane!

A hand without is trying the pin—
He growls in a surly tone "come in."
The door on its hinges slowly creaks
Like a wheel that hath not been oiled for weeks.

It grates half open—a man comes through,
And the wind, and the rain, and the snow come too.
But the door behind him he closeth tight,
As one who knew 'twas a bitter night.
And like one that dreadeth the dark and damp,
Draws near to the fire, and the fading lamp.

Oh Christ! can this be a thing of earth,
That cowers and shivers upon the hearth?
And over the wretched spark that lingers,
Spreads those frozen, skeleton fingers!

With its hollow cheek, and its glassy eye,
All ghastly and withered, shrunken and dry!
Its ribs that hardly can hide the heart,
And its blue thin lips drawn wide apart!
So shrivelled, they cannot cover the teeth,
That grin like a starving dog's beneath—
And the arms all wasted and worn to the bone—
(Might move to pity a heart of stone.)
A few bleached rags on its limbs remain,
And rusted fragments of iron chain.

Crouching low o'er the dying brands,
It rubs and stretches its bony hands!

Fain would he fly—but he sits there still—
Hand nor foot can move at his will.
Long o'er the ashes that shivering form
Strove its poor lean withered hands to warm—
But the air seemed death-like and icy chill,
And the storm waxed louder and colder still.

The watch-dog moans, and the lamp burns blue,
And Jack on his brow feels a deadly dew.
But his heart grew chiller than Iceland snows,
When that fearful guest from the hearth arose,
And with faltering footsteps across the room,
Hath ta'en his way through the gathering gloom,
And stayed his steps at the wainscot, where
Jack's choicest gear was arrayed with care.

On a long row of pegs, in order strung,
The trophies and perquisites neatly hung,
Picked up in his pleasant official path—
For a goodly wardrobe our hangman hath!

There was many a garment great and small,
Surtout and jacket and over-all,
Kersey and beaver and fustian stout,
Waistcoat, breeches, and roundabout.
There was many a burly and bluff top-boot,
Drawn from a highwayman's sturdy foot :
And many a pump, thin-soled and spare,
That had danced at least when it "danced i'the air."

And the shivering wretch that gropes by the wall,
Its clammy grasp hath laid on them all.
One by one, they are fingered o'er,
Till it taketh the coat that once it wore.
It hath ta'en its coat,—but there it stands
Fumbling and feeling with trembling hands :
Poking before and peeping behind—
" 'Tis looking for summat it cannot find" !

Why does the hangman start and stare
At the wasted knees, and the ankles bare ?
He eyes those naked limbs with a groan—
The dead-man's small-clothes are on his own !

And the dead-man, or his skeleton ghost
Turns a stony eye on his gasping host.
A bony foot at his side doth stand—
He feels the touch of a bony hand—
Cold as an icicle—nothing more—
For he fell in a fit on the old oak floor.

The morning broke over dale and hill ;
The storm had passed, and the winds were still.
The sun was streaming his casement through,
And Jack, like a ship in a squall, "came to."
Nipping and cold was the morning air—
The garment was gone, and his legs were bare !

Next day, where "togs" are offered to view,
As good as new, (if you'll trust the Jew)
At the "Grand Emporium" in Monmouth-street,
A fine display might the passenger meet !
A goodly bargain hath Israel made—
Well hath he plenished his stock in trade.

In the Times, next morn, amid lands and rents,
 Moneys, and stock in the four per cents—
 Watches stolen—purses mislaid—
 Children lost, and puppy-dogs strayed—
 Wedding equipments—winding sheets—
 Cradles, and coffins, and jugglers' feats—
 Mid Patent Pills—Insurance on lives—
 Wives wanting husbands, and husbands, wives—
 False teeth—false eyes—false bosoms—false hearts—
 False heads—and other yet falser parts! *
 With similar items, was noted down
 A "nice little residence, just out of town"—
 "An airy location"—"convenient for trade"—
 And a "pleasant neighborhood" too, 'twas said!

* "Procul! o procul! este profani!"

Forbear, profane! with Clodian steps to press
 On Bona Dea's modern mystery, Dress!
 Whose tale disclosed—Enough! suffice to tell
 Where Nature gives an inch, we take an ell.

UNPUBLISHED SATIRE.

Just ere the Sheriff, in solemn state,
To his dinner that evening sate—
“Mr. Ketch,” said the footman tall,
“Vaits his vorship vithin the hall.”
A “shocking bad hat” is doffed to the ground,
And Jack bows low, as in duty bound ;
And tenders in form a resignation
Of his useful, exalted—exalting station.

The Sheriff hears with a heavy heart,
Loth from his trusty friend to part,
Who had served him long, and with right good-will—
’Twas not that the office was hard to fill !
He yields the point, though with evil grace—
“There were gemmen enough who would like the place.”

And from that hour, on the Thames’ dull shore,
Jack Ketch in his haunts was seen no more.

And oh, if the wisdom so dearly bought
In the dark, dark lesson the past hath taught—

If the slighted counsels of Love and Worth—
And the tears of angels weeping for earth—
And the prayers of the just were not all in vain—
We ne'er should "look on his like again!"

“A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME.”

.... “nescio quid nugarum.”

Many years since, there appeared a humorous little piece of Thomas Hood's (I think) which has suggested these lines, and of which they are meant as a continuation. The gems of mirthfulness with which it was interspersed, have mostly escaped my recollection—one of them was a recommendation that infants should all be consigned

“To Lapland or to Brest.”

I cannot find the verses in any recent edition of his writings, and for this reason there may be some accidental coincidence of *Names*—if there is, I am sure that his pleasant shade will forgive the unintentional plagiarist.

How happy this ungrateful race,
Since Nature hath assigned
Some 'special and congenial place
To each of all mankind!

In Africa ('tis told by Park*
 Who had explored it fully)
 Our sable brethren long have held
 The ancient realm of Woolli.

To Chippaway let woodmen wend,
 Or dwell in Ashantee—
 And counsel “learned i’ the law” may spend
 Their lives in Trikeri.†

Let wandering folk proceed to Rome,
 To scan its classic features,
 And view, beneath his proudest dome,
 The great Nave of St. Peter’s.‡

The luckless tradesman’s I. O. U.
 May be allowed to stand over—

* Or by Denham and Clapperton.

† A town of Thessaly—very prosperous and flourishing.

‡ Written before the accession of his present Holiness.

But they, whose *bets* are falling due,
 Must straight proceed to Andover.*

The beggar's state, full well we know,
 Is Hungary or Chili—
 And flats and fools of course should go
 To Greenland or to Scilly.

The Great, (on “Fortune's cap” high stuck now†)
 May little fear undoing—
 Yet some, who deem themselves in Lucknow,
 Are on the road to Rouen.

Let men of anger seek Cape Wrath,‡
 Where they may rave and rant on—
 Th' inquisitive to Peking go
 And hypocrites to Canton.

1841.

* Anglicé “Handover.”

† “On Fortune's Cap we are not the very button.”—*Hamlet*.

‡ A promontory of Sunderland—“against its rugged and lofty cliffs,” says Darby, “the tide bursts with an incredible fury.”

EFFUSIONS AMATORY AND SENTIMENTAL,

MOSTLY JUVENILE.

.“perjuries,
At which Jove laughs.”.

“It is worth the labor, saith Plotinus, to consider well of Love, whether it be a god or a divell, or passion of the minde, or partly god, partly divell, partly passion. * * * * * Give me leave then (to refresh my muse a little and my weary readers) to expatiate in this delightful field, ‘hoc deliciarum campo,’ as Fonseca terms it, to season a surly discourse with a more pleasing aspersion of love-matters. * * * * * And there be those, without question, that are more willing to reade such toyes, then I am to write.”—BURTON’S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

“Courroucé! Mais pourquoi faut-il qu’il s’en courrouce?
C’est une chose, hélas! si plaisante et si douce!
J’admire quelle joie on goûte à tout cela”

L’ECOLE DES FEMMES.

“I made regular approaches to hēr by sonnets and rebusses—sapped her pride with an elegy, and her reserve with an impromptu—proceeding to storm with Pindarics, she spared the further effusion of ink by a Capitulation.”—SHERIDAN.

TO BROS.

CUPID, graceless Wanton ! thou
Wast my earliest playfellow.
Well I knew thee, roguish Elf !
When an infant like thyself.
And thou still must needs abide
Clinging wilful to my side.

Every other frolic mate
Long has grown to man's estate—
Other childish sports have past—
Other toys aside are cast—
One alone could yet remain ;
'Tis the vainest of the vain !

Still this fond and foolish heart
Must enact a childish part,
And in Beauty's Presence still
Feel its wonted boyish thrill.

Chide thee—shun thee as I may,
Thou hast ever had thy way.
Many a subtle snare hast laid—
Many a wanton trick hast played.
E'en at Learning's council sage,
Thou hast perched upon the page ;
(Latin could not mar thy glee,
Greek was never Greek to thee,)
And when Wisdom should prevail,
Told me many a roguish tale,
Many a scene of vanished Love—
Dicte's cave and Ida's grove,
And the mountain fringed with fir,
And the paths beloved of Her,
Who the sleeping hunter eyed,
Couched on Latmos' shaggy side.
Of each old enchanted spot—
Tyrian mead—Egerian grot—
Each sweet haunt, remembered yet,
Where mortal with Immortal met—
Darksome glen and sunny glade—
And all the pranks that Sylvan played.

One kind turn I owe thee—one
Kindly office thou hast done.
Ne'er shall I forget the hour,
When thy soft-persuading power
Led my footsteps, roving wide,
To the Sleeping Beauty's side.

Wearied, like a child with play,
Sweetly slumbering, there she lay.
Half a crime though it might seem
To disturb so sweet a dream—
Yet, with tender, reverent soul,
Softly to her side I stole,
And the only means did take,
Such a slumber e'er should wake.

Like a half-awakened child,
Gently then she moved and smiled ;
With a soft and wondering glance—
Such as Gyneth wore, perchance,
When she oped her lovely eyes
From the sleep of centuries.

PLEASANT DELUSIONS.

SWEET Falsehoods! fare ye well!
That may not longer dwell
In this fond heart, dear paramours of Youth!
A cold, unloving bride
Is ever at my side—
Yet who so pure, so beautiful as Truth?

Long hath she sought my side,
And would not be denied,
Till, all perforce, she won my spirit o'er—
And though her glances be
But cold and stern to me,
At every step I love her more and more.

TO M——.

THEY told me thou wert beautiful—that on thy fair
young face,
A poet's wish, a lover's dream might find their resting-
place.
And well indeed the bud that bloomed so bright in early
Spring,
Bore promise of a fairer flower, that summer suns would
bring—
Yet not so sweet in form and hue, all unprofaned by
art,
(Though these alone might well suffice to move the
coldest heart,)
As that, in goodness—gentleness—and purity alone,
'Tis radiant as the angels' are, before the Eternal Throne.

Long have I cherished Loveliness—yet never knew till
now,
How deeply this adoring heart before its shrine could
bow.

And they said thy voice was music—and that I knew
full well—

Though years had passed, since on my heart its gentle
accents fell!

That voice, to whose endearing tones I listened long
before,

And, having heard those accents once, could never lose
it more.

'Twas like some old forgotten song, yet once to memory
dear—

Some long-lost strain of music, familiar to mine ear.

And as its tones were heard once more, what nameless
thoughts were stirred—

What memories from their slumber awoke at every
word—

What tender visions once again across Life's desert stole,
And Hopes and Fears, a countless throng, came mingling
o'er the soul.

And yet I cannot envy him, who ne'er hath felt the
same ;

Whose heart has thrilled not at the sound of one beloved
Name ;

Whose pulse hath never quickened at the footstep, or the
tone

Of one, whose every hope and thought are dearer than
his own :

Or never felt, as now I feel, that all once wildly sought
Has yielded to one gentle hope—one dear entrancing
thought :

That one sweet glance of kindness from those dear eyes
of light,

Could ransom all the dreary Past, and make the Future
bright,

To him whose only happiness,—whose only refuge lies
In the calm soul-lit heaven of those beloved eyes.

TO S——.

A stranger came—a stranger met—
They parted, and for aye—
Yet one, perchance, remembers yet
Those moments passed away.
They woke a vision sweet and vain,
He never thought to dream again.

As yon lone cloud, whose passing shade
Floats on the summer wind—
Soon from the sun-lit heaven shall fade,
And leave no trace behind—
Thus, in the hour that bade them part,
His memory vanished from her heart.

So be it still—the days are past
 . Of reckless, wild desire ;
Yet must he cherish to the last,
 And love—what all admire—
And bear, through sunshine and through storm,
That gentle heart, and lovely form.

TO * * * * * .

YES, fondly I believed that Love
Had left his long-forsaken shrine—
Nor deemed that aught again could move
This cold and withered heart of mine.

'Tis strange, yet sweet, to feel it beat,
When that light footstep echoes nigh ;
Or tremble, if it chance to meet
The magic of that soft blue eye.

Long have I searched o'er memory's scroll,
Yet there, in vain, have sought to trace
The record of a gentler soul—
A sweeter form—a lovelier face.

And thou, beloved ! oft hast deigned
 Those calm and radiant eyes to bend,
And those dear lips that never feigned,
 To move, in converse with thy friend.

And when his voice to thine replied
 In light retort or trifling play,
Hast thought the being at thy side,
 Perchance, the gayest of the gay.

Thou little knew'st what words unbreathed
 Lay burning at his heart the while—
What wild, impassioned thoughts were wreathed
 By the calm mockery of a smile :

How, at one look—one accent sweet,
 Could thrill with transport every vein—
Or, at a glance, each drop retreat
 In anguish, to its source again.

Thanks for the kindness, which hath shed
Such hope and sunshine, in its way,
On the lone heart—the erring head,
That oft hath gone so far astray.

Yes, oft hath sought an evil mark—
Oft dared an evil path to rove—
Yet never, in its wanderings dark,
Was false to Friendship or to Love.

'Twill long retain each thought imprest,
Each token treasured up from thine ;
Yet may not ask that gentle breast
To share a lot so sad as mine.

TO L ——— .

THOSE pleasant hours—how quick they fled!

But 'twas a happy day,
And on my soul a light hath shed,
That may not pass away.

'Twas sweet to feel the autumn breeze,

That cooled each burning brow—
And hear its music in the trees,
From every murmuring bough.

'Twas sweet to hear the wild-birds' lay,

The merry laugh that rung
From hearts as innocent as they—
Those dark old woods among.

And sweet to see the sunlight warm—

Yet sweeter far to see

The gentle and beloved form

That wandered there with me.

TO A ———.

THOU art very lovely, thou
Of the calm unshadowed brow,
Soul serene ;
In whose happy look I read
Gentle thought and gentle deed—
Angeline.

In that merry eye half hid
'Neath its darkly fringed lid—
Softly seen.
Oh, the witchery that lies
In those sweet and sunny eyes,
Angel een !

With thine image cometh still
Sunny meadow—shady hill—
Forest green—
Where in pleasant task or play,
We might dream our life away,
Angeline.

TO ———.

Now, by each sunny-flowing curl!
This heart thou deemest cold,
Is thine too truly, little girl!
To let its truth be told.

For thou would'st crimson like the Dawn,
To hear its fond confessing,
And tremble like a timid fawn,
At Love, and Love's caressing.

A few short moons will quickly move,
And thou mayst witness then,
How sweet a thing it is to love—
And to be loved again.

And Alma Venus over thee
Her gentle watch is keeping--
For, nestled in thine eyes, I see
The Baby Cupid sleeping.

TO ———.

Ah! cruel-hearted maiden! provoking pretty one!
You little know, (like “Diamond,”) the mischief you have
done!

How many hearts you’ve broken, is more than I can tell,
But that you’ve played the deuce with one, alas! is
known too well.

To every homage Love can pay, insensible you seem—
How can the dark-eyed one “keep dark” on such a ten-
der theme?

Why not consent humanely and graciously to spare
(To ease the poor subscriber’s mind) a ringlet of her hair?

I’ve many treasures of the sort—aye, something like a
score

(As near as I can reckon—perhaps there may be more.)*

* (The author would here plead guilty to a slight exaggeration.)

And some are very beautiful—there's one as black as
ink,

Which I have kept on hand at least a dozen years, I
think.

There's one as pale as amber, and one as white as snow,
And one that's soft and flaxen—another more like tow.

And one as golden as the crown upon Victoria's head ;
Another auburn—or perchance, the least inclined to red.
And here is one—a splendid one—this curl of wavy-
brown !

'Tis from a head that might have turned the heads of
half the town.

And thou mayst have them all for one of those dark locks
of thine,

That over snowy neck and brow so lovingly entwine.

* * * * *

* * * * *

TO ———.

LIKE a fragrant Havana,
 Long kept from the light—
Like a cask of choice vintage,
 Brought seldom to sight—

Like a monk in his cloister,
 A saint in his cell—
Like a York-river oyster
 Shut tight in his shell—

Like a toad in a grindstone—
 A clam in the sea—
This heart is imprisoned,
 Fair maiden, in thee.

TO _____.

THOU gavest me a fair red rose,
Thou gavest me a violet—
I thought them poor and pale to those
In thy beloved features met.

No rose of Spring could e'er eclipse
The radiance of those budding lips—

And the flower that gathers its virgin hue
From the gleam of the summer skies,
Hath ne'er so lovely and tender a blue,
As beams from thine own sweet eyes.

How welcome to thy lover's sight
Those mild and azure orbs of light.

For in their holy depths I see
Two little wells of purity,
In whose recesses *Truth* serene,
Calm and constant, still is seen—

* * * * *

* * * * *

“ WE SHALL NEVER MEET AGAIN.”

WE shall never meet again—
From this moment we are twain.
'Tis thy lip the word hath spoken,
'Tis thy hand the chain hath broken.
While the floods of passion rest
Deep within the human breast—
While or Love or Hate remain—
We shall never meet again.

Shall we meet where yonder sphere
Shines unsullied by a tear :
Where forgetful fountains flow
O'er the depths of mortal woe :
Heart to heart, and hand to hand
In the distant spirit-land ?

Something whispers to my brain,
We shall *never* meet again.

On the mountain dark and rude,
In the desert's solitude,
By the ocean's restless shore,
We are doomed to meet no more.
In the pleasant homes of earth,
By the happy-circled hearth,
Mid the crowded haunts of men,
We shall never meet again.

In the morn's reviving light—
In the watches of the night—
In the twilight calm and pure—
Weary absence shall endure.
Never in communion sweet,
Shall our parted spirits meet.
And in sadness or in pain,
We shall never meet again.

Day on day may heedless roll
O'er the desert of my soul.
And with every joyless year,
Greyer, whiter locks appear.
Yet the memory of the Past
Through each saddened hour shall last.
Hope and grief alike are vain—
We shall never meet again.

“ÆGRI SOMNIA.”

LAST night, in sad and troubled dreams,
 Again thy spirit crossed my sleep—
That dark, unquiet slumber seems
 No other form to keep.

Methought I wandered forth once more,
 Beneath the dying moon's pale face,
And stood, as I have stood before,
 At the old trysting-place.

Long watching—but thou cam'st at last,
 No longer proud—no longer cold—
And those dear arms were round me cast,
 As kindly as of old.

And that dear lip sought gently mine,
 In mild and tender accents breaking—
Ah, * * * * *! if that dream divine
 Had never known a waking!

FAREWELL TO THE ANTILLES.

ONE long last look!—the sunset clouds yon lonely island
shade,

And from the high and rolling mast I watch it slowly
fade.

Soon like a dream 'twill vanish—and ah! what dreams
have fled!

What feelings born in olden time are numbered with the
dead!

What hopes have shed their sunshine that never more
can be!

Since first that bright and sunny shore rose o'er the
tropic sea.

A thousand thoughts are thronging o'er memory's faded
track,

A thousand voices of the Past still seem to call me back,

Still dreams are clinging 'round me that now 'twere
vain to tell—

Farewell, ye green savannahs!—ye waving palms, fare-
well!

Ye humble hearts and willing hands, that served me
long, adieu!

And fare thee well, my bonny steed, so trusty and so true.
Farewell the merry moonlight, that once so sweetly
played

On those who roved together 'neath the Faurestina's
shade.

Farewell, each kind familiar face—each comrade true
and tried!

And thou!—once dearer to my heart than all the world
beside!

How well I loved thou knowest not—and thou wilt
never know—

For words are idle when we feel the very heart o'erflow:
And mine henceforth will never be the blessed lot to prove
By truth and tenderness untold, how deeply it could
love—

To shield thee, as it fain had done, from every care and
strife,

And bear thee like an infant through the troubled paths
of Life—

To heighten every joy—to keep each sorrow far away,
And make thy dwelling here one long and happy sum-
mer's day.

And hast thou all forgotten those old and pleasant hours,
When hand in hand, and heart to heart, we wandered
mid the flowers?

Each look so softly eloquent, though all in silence given,
When thou and I together stood beneath the moon-lit
heaven?

But *mine* was never sought beyond those dark angelic
eyes—

Whose radiance would not let me mark the starry Indian
skies.

And when their gentle glances met and answered mine
again,

What words couldst thou have spoken to make me hap-
pier then?

And can it be those happy days, whose memories still
entwine

So closely round my heart of hearts, could fade so soon
from thine ?

The words so fondly spoken were uttered all in vain !

The hands once twined so tenderly shall ne'er be clasped
again !

And one who seemed too pure of heart on this cold earth
to live,

Has yielded to the common hopes and fears that earth
can give !

That thou couldst lay one thought, one wish upon its
sordid shrine,

Or the poor offerings of the world could move a soul like
thine !

And once I had as soon believed that one of heavenly
birth,

Fresh from its native paradise, could thus descend to
earth.

* * * * *

Yet e'en wert thou less pure of soul—less true than
once I thought,

(As who can hope to dwell below, and yet offend in
nought?)

'Twere sweet, yet sad to know that thou wert not so far
above

The being who so wildly sought, though ne'er deserved
thy love—

Who still would cheer and soothe thee, alike through
good and ill,

And for the sake of her thou wast, would love and trust
thee still.

Farewell! perchance forever—thou wilt be happy yet,—
And I—if aught can ever teach the lesson—to forget.
A task thou hast so lightly learned, that now it well may
be

Thou hast forgotten that he lives, who only lived for thee.

And thou wilt smile as softly, to hear another's tone,
And other hands may clasp the form, that once was all
my own.

Another and another heart, in turn, may wear thy
chain,—

Yet know!—thou hast been loved as thou wilt ne'er
be loved again.

'Tis idle, idle parting—yet, fare thee well once more!
Farewell, ye calm unclouded skies! thou ever sunny
shore!

The night is darkly closing—the winds are rising free—
And slowly, sadly sinks the sun beneath the western sea.
His last faint beams yet linger—then one by one depart.
A darker and a deeper gloom is gathering o'er my heart.

LONG AGO.*

WHEN at eve I sit alone,
Thinking on the Past and Gone—
While the clock, with drowsy finger,
Marks how slow the minutes linger—
And the embers dimly burning,
Tell of Life to Dust returning—
Then my lonely chair around,
With a solemn, mournful sound,—
With a murmur soft and low,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

* It may be proper to state, that this piece was partly written before I had seen the beautiful verses of Mr. Longfellow upon a somewhat similar theme,—verses which will be read and loved as long as true taste and tender feeling shall endure.

One by one, I count them o'er,
Voices, that are heard no more,
Tears, that loving cheeks have wet,
Words, whose music lingers yet—
Holy faces, pale and fair,
Shadowy locks of waving hair—
Gentle sighs and whispers dear,
Songs forgotten many a year,—
Lips of dewy fragrance—eyes
Brighter, bluer than the skies—
Odors breathed from Paradise.

And the gentle shadows glide
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long and gloomy day
All forgotten, fades away.

Thus, when I am all alone,
Dreaming o'er the Past and Gone,
All around me, sad and slow,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

TRANSLATIONS.

HORACE, ODE XXVIII.

Sailor.

“ARCHYTAS, wanderer of the deep,
And o'er the innumerable sand,
A little want thereof doth keep
Upon the lone Matinian strand.

Nor may it now avail thee aught,
That thou hast compassed earth and sky—
And e'en celestial mansions sought—
In thine appointed hour to die.”

Archytas.

“Yes, Pelops' sire, the guest of Gods,
And old Tithonus passed away—
And Minos, dear in Jove's abodes
Is now, like me, but common clay.

And in the dim Tartarian Shades,
 Again dismissed to mournful night,
Pythagoras' ransomed spirit fades—
 That mighty judge of truth and right ;

Aye ! though he marked the very shield
 His former self, Euphorbus bore,
When, battling on the Trojan field,
 He died, a thousand years before. *

But one long night awaits us all—
 One path by all must trodden be—
The soldier's doom, in fight to fall—
 The sailor's, in the insatiate sea.

Together old and young go forth,
 Together lie their mingled graves,—
Me, too, the cold tempestuous North
 Has whelmed beneath Illyrian waves.

* For the benefit of the unread, the poet's somewhat obscure allusion has been slightly amplified.

But, Sailor! do not thou, unkind,
Refuse a little sand to spread
Of all that's swept by Ocean's wind,
O'er these unburied bones and head.

So, when the stormy East shall move,
Upon the rough Hesperian sea,
Although it strip Venusia's grove,
Thy bark shall safe and sheltered be.

And many a rich and noble freight
From every port where winds may sweep,
Thy pious hand shall still await
By Neptune wafted o'er the Deep.

But if, regardless of the Dead,
Thou hastenest cold and careless by—
The Gods' avenging anger dread,
And scorn from every honest eye.

It will not long delay thee here—

Thrice scatter earth above my frame,

This last, sad, pious rite revere,

And thou mayst hurry on, the same.

DIES IRÆ.

IN the following version of this majestic old chaunt, I have aimed at nothing beyond a translation as literal as might consist with rhyme and measure nearly corresponding to those of the text. Like all attempts to render the verse of another language into that of our own, it can be only partially successful ; and will but imperfectly convey the effect of the sublime, though somewhat barbarous original. Though I have never met with an English version of this celebrated hymn, there may be many, and some, perhaps, more faithful to the original than this.

DIES IRÆ.

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvēt sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

DIES IRÆ.

Day of wrath! that awful day
Earth in ashes melts away!
David and the Sibyl say.

Oh! what terror will arise,
When the Judge shall leave the skies,
All to mark with searching eyes!

And the trumpet's wondrous sound
Through the nations under-ground,
Gathers all the throne around.

Death shall shudder—Nature then
Tremble, as she wakes agen,
Answering to the Judge of men.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis
Salva me, Fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Forth is brought the volume penned,
Wherein all things are contained,
Whence the world shall be arraigned.

Therefore, when the Judge shall reign,
All that's hidden shall be plain,
Nought shall unavenged remain.

What then, wretched, shall I say,
Or what intercessor pray,
When the just may hardly stay ?

King of awful majesty !
Who thy chosen savest free,
Save me, Fount of Piety !

Jesus ! thou hast not forgot
Me, the cause of thy sad lot ;
In that day, oh ! lose me not.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus !

Iuste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus ;
Supplicanti parce, Deus !

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu, bone, fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Seeking me, thou satst in pain,
On the cross for me hast lain :
May such anguish not be vain !

Judge of vengeance ! righteous King !
Gift of thy remission bring,
Ere the day of reckoning.

Like a wretch condemned I groan,
Red with guilt my face is shown ;
Spare me kneeling at thy throne !

Thou, who pitied'st Mary's grief,
And didst hear the dying thief,
Me hast also given relief.

All unworthy is my prayer,
But thou, good, in mercy spare
Flames eternal from my share.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex, et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam meæ finis.

Mid thy flock then let me stand,
Parted from the goats' foul band,
Placing me on thy right hand.

When th' accursed, put to shame,
Are consigned to fiercest flame,
With thy blessed call my name.

Bowed and suppliant I bend,
Crushed like dust my heart I rend ;
Take thou care, Lord ! of mine end.

PLACE DE LA RÉVOLUTION.*

(10 THERMIDOR, 1794.)

HERE let us stand—the windows and the leads,
And roofs are crowded—not a space between!
And in the midst, above that sea of heads,
Glooms the black Guillotine.

A mighty, restless multitude is there,
Maddened with joy, from the unpeopled town—
And the walls tremble at their shout, whene'er
That heavy steel comes down!

* These verses were not written until the foregoing portion had been sent to the press, and therefore are necessarily placed after the Translations.

'Tis nearly over——twenty heads have rolled,
One after one, upon the block——while cheers,
And screams, and curses, howled by hate untold,
Rang in their dying ears!

One more is left——and now, amid a storm
Of groans and yells that seem the air to rive—
They raise upright a ghastly human form,
Mangled, yet still alive!

Like one awaking from a deadly swoon,
His eyes uncloseth upon that living plain—
Those livid, snaky eyes!—he shuts them soon,
Never to open again!

As that forlorn, last, wandering gaze he took,
Perhaps those cruel eyes, in hopeless mood,
Sought, in their agony, one pitying look
Mid that vast multitude.

Sought, but in vain! close-wedged, and crushed, and
mixed—

Square, street, and house-top crowded—he surveys
A hundred thousand human eyes, all fixed
In one fierce, pitiless gaze.

Down to the plank! the brutal headsman tear
That bloody rag—nay! spare him needless pain!
One cry! God grant that we may never hear
A cry like that again!

A pause——and the axe falls on Robespierre!
That trenchant blade hath done its office well—
Hark to the mighty roar! down, Murderer!
Down to thy native Hell!

Again, that terrible Shout! till men afar
And they in dungeons marvel what it mean!
Hurrah! and louder, louder yet, hurrah
For the good Guillotine!

Well may ye draw a freer, longer breath—

And fettered thousands feel their chains more light—

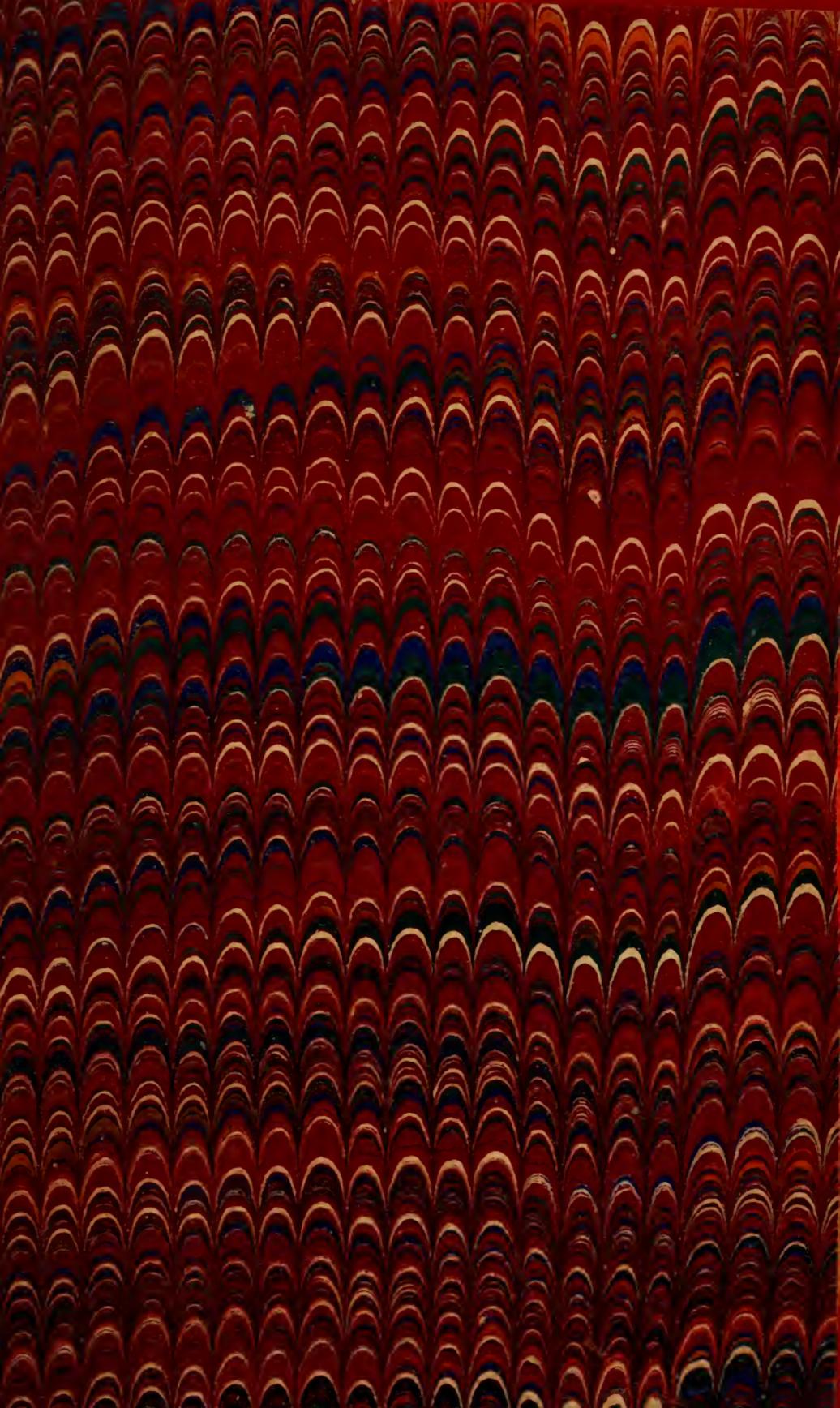
Your Foe is lodged in the strong Prison of Death!

Paris shall sleep to-night.

THE END.







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